THE CENTRAL VACCINATION AGA KOTOONROO SHT

THE COSHOCTON AGE.

Entered at the Post Office at Coshocton as Second-class Mail Matter.

THE RIGHT OF PRIVATE JUDGMENT IS ABSOLUTE IN EVERY AMERICAN CITIZEN.—Garfield.

VOLUME 60. COSHOCTON, OHIO, SATURDAY, JANUARY 12, 1884. NUMBER 2

Business notices on this page are charged for at ten cents per line each insertion. Black type fifteen cents brevier measurement. Display advertisements Time Contracts—25 cents per inch. Transient advertisements—50 cents per inch.

MR. R. M. TEMPLE has purchased a half interest in the Newcomerstown Index.

THERE were fifty interments made in the Coshocton cemetery during the year 1883.

REV. S. R. CLARK, of Roscoe, has commenced a series of meetings at Blooming Grove.

THE West Bedford Cornet Band is making preparation to give an entertainment soon.

MISS LIBBIE THOMPSON, of West Bedford has returned from a visit to friends and acquaintances in Illinois.

MR. B. BERKOWITZ has disposed of his business at Appleton, Wisconsin, and is now in Coshocton for a short stay.

MISS LENA LONG who resided with her brother, Mr. H. S. Long, on Second street, this town, died Sunday, aged 26.

MR. PHILIP M. MIZER, of Bakersville, a prominent citizen of that community, is dead at the age of 32. He leaves a widow and five children.

QUARTERLY meeting and communion Saturday and Sunday at Grace M. E. Church. Presiding Elder Hingeley will be present part of the time.

ROBERT HILLINGER, a brakeman, had his arm cut off by an engine at Newark, Tuesday. He had jumped from a train and slipped and fell across the track.

SINCE the publication of the delinquent tax list a large part thereof has been paid and but a comparatively small portion of the lands advertised will be offered for sale.

DISCIPLES of Christ living in parts of Coshocton county where there is no church of this order, will please communicate with F. M. Cummings, Yankee Ridge, Ohio.

MR. J. E. BROWNING, who lives a few miles east of Coshocton on the Plainfield road, sustained a very severe injury of the right knee, last Sunday, by falling on the ice.

MR. CHAS. B. BROCKWAY, of Ripley, New York, who visited his daughter, Mrs. James M. Williams, of this town, about a year ago, died recently at the age of 73, from an attack of paralysis.

THE Coshocton Grange will hold its regular meeting on Saturday, January 19, at 10:30 A. M. Subject for discussion, "The best method of caring for milk and making of butter during the winter months."

THE following are the new officers of the Coshocton Presbyterian Sunday School: Superintendent, C. H. Glover; Assistant Superintendent, James R. Johnson; Secretary, D. M. Yarnell; Treasurer, E S. Frew.

A FREIGHT train on the Muskingum Valley Railway became stalled in the snow Wednesday, and a second section ran into it, demolishing the engine and killing several hogs. It occurred a few miles below Dresden.

COSHOCTON Encampmen No. 191, I. O. O. F., has elected officers for the ensuing year as follows: Wm. Wright, C. P.; C. Mayer, H. P.; W. H. McCabe, S. W.; J. M. Crawford, J. W.; John Burt, Jr., Treasurer; W. H. Coe, Scribe.

IT WAS so cold last Saturday that railroads already built were completely demoralized; little wonder, therefore, that the meeting advertised to be held in Warsaw in the interest of the Mt. Vernon, Coshocton & Wheeling did not come off.

THE Roscoe M. E. Sunday School has elected the following officers: Superintendent, J. L. Smith; Assistant Superintendent, Mrs. Clark; Secretary Bert Dickerson; Librarian, Homer Clark and Chas. Smith; Treasurer, James LeRetilley; Organists, Hattie Crawford and Lizzie LeRetilley.

MR. WM. MCKEE, of Bedford township, received a letter Tuesday conveying the sad intelligence that his father, Mr. Daniel McKee, had died New Year day at his home in Muscatine county, Iowa. Mr. McKee was a former well known citizen of Perry township, and had been in Iowa for several years.

Is it not remarkable that neither of the English Democratic newspapers in Coshocton have anything to say about the recent State Convention of the saloon keepers and their demand for the repeal of the Scott law? This is a question that is likely to greatly perplex the present Legislature, gentlemen, and you should let your light shine, that our able representatives in the Assembly may know what their constituents favor. With a majority of nearly 400 for constitutional prohibition, it is fair to presume the people do not want existing temperance laws meddled with, except to make them more stringent, and with such a public sentiment, these able exponents of Democracy should not hesitate to express themselves if they favor the law. Perhaps, however, they are with the saloonists, but havn't the manhood to so declare.

OUR Plainfield correspondent gives an account of a row in a pool room in that village wherein three men assaulted the proprietor and inflicted rather severe injuries. Later a warrant was issued by Esquire Cantwell for the arrest of Brooks and Robert Johnson and Charles Agnew, the charge preferred being assault with intent to kill. Brooks Johnson and Charles Agnew have been arrested. The former is in jail, and Agnew was released upon $100 bail. The other Johnson has not been arrested at this writing—Thursday noon—but officers are after him. The hearing has been set for January 21.

HERE is an item from the Columbus slush in the Enquirer: "Otto Cummerow, of the Coshocton Wochenblatt (German), and H. D. Beach, of the Standard Commonwealth, are in the city and are for Payne, first, last and all the time." Yet a ransacking of the files of the Standard would reveal unqualified endorsement of Senator Pendleton and his Civil Service bill. As to the jumping Jack sauer crout sheet, we don't believe it ever had an opinion, nor do we suppose it ever will. If it should be so attacked it would die immediately of spinal meningitis.

ZANESVILLE has a workhouse and it is found to be a good institution. Nineteen persons are now working out sentences, and all but one are tramps, and the Evening Courier says they are "great, healthy, stout vagrants who seem to be disposed to float about from place to place begging their way. They rebel at the thought of wielding a stone hammer, but the Mayor has adopted a rigid rule and that is, every man who applies for lodging or meals must work six days." It would be a good thing for Coshocton to have a stone pile and a Mayor with as much snap as the Zanesville Mayor.

AT a meeting of the stock-holders of the Zanesville, McConnellsville & Pomeroy Railway, at Zanesville, this week, the following Directors were choosen: George M. Jewett, Albert W. Train, Albert E. Boone, William S. Harlan, James Buckingham, William H. Johnson, Perry Wiles, Thomas C. Griffith, Norris C. Harlan, John W. Pinkerton, William A. Graham, George Z. Dickerson, Chase Andrews. The Directors organized as follows: President and General manager, Albert E. Boone; Vice President, George M. Jewett; Secretary, W. S. Harlan; Treasurer, Chase Andrews.

HERE is a truth from the Mansfield Shield and Banner, that should be heeded: "A man who removes and owes the printer for a paper, and does not notify the publisher of his removal, is a scoundrel and a cheat, and the only resource the newspaper may have is to notify the postmaster at the place to where he has removed to caution the people not to trust such a man. And that is, perhaps, the reason why some fellows find out that the people among whom they locate seem to know them as soon as they get there."

MRS. JANE VINCENT, mother of General Vincent, of the United States Army, and of Col. A. O. Vincent, deceased, died at her late residence in this town, last Sunday, at the ripe old age of 82. She has been expected to die at any time for several months. She was a woman of great force of character, a consistent Christian and exemplary in every respect. Her remains were taken to Cadiz for interment.

THERE are ten prisoners in the Muskingum county jail.

THE weather has been a fruitful topic of conversation the past week. Saturday and Sunday last the mercury reached 14 degrees below zero in Coshocton. In many places in the West it reached 20 and 30 and in the Northwest 42 degrees below. Monday it moderated and commenced to snow and by Tuesday night the depth in this county was fifteen to eighteen inches. At Wheeling it is 22 inches deep, and the storm was general through the Ohio Valley, and in the far East. At present the indications are for a breakup, which means big rivers.

A REPORT reaches this office that some one of the butchers of this town, in driving a cow to be slaughtered Tuesday last, knocked her eye out with a club, and night coming on before they reached town, they tied the poor animal to a tree and allowed her to stand exposed to the snow and cold for nearly eighteen hours. We have not learned who the party was, if we do, shall take care to expose him in these columns and direct the attention of the authorities to the same.

Such dastardly brutality deserves the severest punishment that can be meted out.

THE second quarterly meeting on Roscoe circuit will be held at Warner Chapel on Thursday and Friday, February 7 and 8. The circuit was $48 over paid the first quarter, and a correspondent suggests that it would be thing for the same thing to occur the second one. It is a healthy sign of the prosperity of the church, when the minister is paid and a balance remains in the treasury. We venture the assertion, however, that there is not in the North Ohio Conference, a minister who is more entitled to his pay than the Rev. S. R. Clark.

MR. THOS. WILSON, of the Roscoe woolen factory last week was enabled to liquidate claims against him that have been resting for some time, and now that he is clear from debt he is certainly justified in feeling greatly pleased thereat. A mortgage on his property given to J. K. Johnson & Co. for $5,000 had been foreclosed and a judgment granted to the amount of $5300. By perseverance Mr. Wilson has succeed in liquidating the same. His friends will be glad to learn of this evidence of renewed prosperity.

THE AGE desires to publish all the news, and to this end asks the cooperation of its friends and correspondents; but we cannot surrender valuable space to personal chitchat and slush. We much prefer a postal or a brief letter containing one or two important items to a wagon load of slush that only goes to fill up our capacious waste basket. Send the news, if it is only one item, and THE AGE will gladly reciprocate.

ON page seven is an entertaining account of the career of a successful business woman and her final marriage to Bishop Warren, of the M. E. Church. Many readers of THE AGE recollect with pleasure the very excellent sermon Bishop Warren delivered in Grace M. E. Church in this town, upon the occasion of its dedication, and to this end his marriage with this noble woman is possessed of some local interest.

HON. D. MCCONNVILLE, of Steubenville, who has been appointed Private Secretary of Gov. Hoadly, is a son-in-law of Presiding Elder E. Hingely, of this district, a brother-in-law of Mr. Geo. A. Hay, of this town, and a royal good gentleman. He is a prominent business man of his town, a thorough going party man, and under Gov. Bishop was a Penitentiary Director.

THE large flouring mill owned by Herzer Bros., at Millersburg, was burned Tuesday night. Loss $60,000; partially insured. Mr. Baldwin Herzer, formly a citizen of Coshocton, and a gentleman well known all through this portion of Ohio, is a member of the firm and principal proprietor.

EX-COUNTY COMMISSIONER FELIX A. HARRIS, of Licking county, has been arrested upon a charge of procuring an abortion, preferred by a woman named Wadsworth. Mr. Harris was released on bail, and his friends claim it is a case of blackmail.

NEWCOMERSTOWN Board of Education has decided to build a new school house upon a new location.

A Railroad from Coshocton to Zanesville Proposed.

The Zanesville Daily Signal of Tuesday had this communication:

If the leading citizens of Washington, Perry, Salem and Monroe townships of Muskingum county will defray the ACTUAL expenses of making the two surveys, from Zanesville to Coshocton, I will place an engineer corps of "The Black Diamond" at their disposal on ten days' notice. After the route has been agreed upon and the right of way secured free for my company, I will agree to have it made a branch of the Black Diamond and build the same (standard gauge) during the year 1885, or sooner if possible.

To all interested in seeing a road through this section of Muskingum county, I would suggest that each person in these townships who feel able to do so, notify the Signal how much they will pay in money (only to defray actual expense of making the surveys and taking up the right of way) to start this railroad enterprise (Zanesville to Coshocton.)

A heap of hard work must be done and it should be started in time so there will be no chance of getting left out in the cold. I will be pleased to see all persons of this section, and in case I am absent from the city, will ask them to call at the office of the Zanesville, McConnelsville & Pomeroy Railway Company (The Black Diamond) Zanesville, Ohio, and confer with Col. E. A. Greene, the Chief Engineer of the Company, who will be pleased to see them.

Respectfully,
ALBERT E. BOONE,
President and Gen'l Manager Z., McC. & P. R. R. Co.

The only route in which both Zanesville and Coshocton are interesed in having a road built upon is by way of Otsego, and if there is a section of country in the world that needs a railway outlet, it is to be found in that part of Coshocton and Muskingum counties. Here is a shining opportunity for the people over there to secure one, and they should go to work.

Of course Coshocton will not now feel disposed to aid other than in well wishes and words of encouragement, because all the energy this community can command is needed for the Mt. Vernon, Coshocton & Wheeling.

THE Enquirer had a biographical attack the other day and readers of that paper were treated to the personal history of the members of the State Senate. Of the Senator from this district it said:

"Captain William S. Crowell, of the Eighteenth and Nineteenth Districts, is a prominent attorney of Coshocton. Born in Ashtabula county, in 1840, he was educated at Jefferson, and lived in that county until the war broke out, when he enlisted, served until disabled by sickness, again enlisted and stayed at the front until the war was over. So far as a military record is concerned none could be better than Mr. Crowell's. He was brave and faithful, and, while not ambitious, was promoted from the ranks to a captaincy. During the early years of his majority he was a Republican, but, approving the course of President Johnson, he left that party, and, with the President, became a Democrat. He removed to Cosbocton county in 1866, and has since served as Prosecuting Attorney two terms. In 1881 he was a candidate for the Senatorial nomination, but was defeated by Senator Pearson, whom he in turn defeated this year. At the election Mr. Crowell had no opposition and received 15,315 votes."

To this must now be added;

Capt. Crowell departed from Coshocton January 4, and arrived at Columbus the same evening. He fell among the strikers of the Standard oil gang and became smirched with the oleaginous smell. Struck with a streak of loyalty, he went back on Pendleton because he was not a war Democrat, and for this Monroe county is damning as never constituency damned before.

A Card.

ROSCOE, Jan. 10

I notice in last week's Coshocton papers that my name appeared in the delinquent tax list for the sum of $21.02; but I am glad it was all a mistake. I paid my tax in December, 1883, and had the receipt before any of the papers were printed; and then my tax was only $13.88. I think they would have to add on a pretty large per cent. to make it $21.00. But we are all liable to make mistakes.

A. M. SMITH.

Married.

Dec. 29, at the residence of Rev. R. R. Whitaker, and by the same, Mr. John W. Barrett and Mrs. Ettie B. Mikesell, both of East Union, Coshocton county.

THE Cincinnati News Journal (Dem.) is cold-blooded enough to say of the late Chairman of the Democratic State Committee:

The Bargar must go. The man who uses money raised for legitmate campaign expenses in order to defeat Democrats who will not bow to McLeans and monopoly and a politicians' ring must go. A man may betray Democracy once, but he will never do it a second time. Mr. Bargar may explain; his close mouth has been opened, but one fact stands out above all others, aside from any single bit of direct evidence, and that is that there is a general sentiment that Mr. Bargar must go.

Mr. Bargar's mouth closes with an iron clamp, like Miss Murdstone's purse, and says closed with a too clam-like shutness. Mr. Bargar's face has an impassivity that is like the look of unyielding reticence worn by the shell of a closed clam. He receives communications, but makes none, and one feels that he is internally revolving something that pertains alone to Bargar. Mr. Bargar is a failure as a sphinx. His eminent prototype upon the Egyptian desert has stood there, impassive and unrevealing, for thousands of years, and here Mr. Bargar has been turned inside out the very first time he essayed the sphinx business. Democracy has no use for spinxes; and Mr. Bargar is a failure as a sphinx; Mr. Bargar must go.

The Ohio Democrat says the "United Brethren Church at Everal's Chapel, about a mile north of Newcomerstown, has been the centre of a religious revival for sometime past. The services are conducted by the pastor, Rev. Cecil, and the mourners' bench is crowded each night by zealous converts who give vent to their feelings by loud shoutings and lamentations. A few nights ago Mrs. Kist suddenly fell in a trance while shouting and was conveyed home. At about midnight she was still unconscious and apparently dead. On Tuesday night Miss Mattie Codar, while vigorously shouting, fell to the floor suddenly, apparently dead, and her face became white and pallid and her body almost as cold as a corpse. The meeting broke up about ten o'clock at night and she was taken home on a sled and was unconscious at last accounts. Many accessions are already reported." That church has long been famous for the character of its religious revivals, and is surrounded by a straight going band of followers of the Master.

In these times of venality and corruption it is pleasant to read such public rebukes as the following which appeared in the Columbus Times (Dem.):

Coshocton, Ohio, Jan. 8, 1884. To Mr. Geo. H. Pendleton:—Four-fifths of the Democracy of this county are for your return according to Democratic rules and precedent and there are not one hundred Payne men in our county In Tuscarawas county Judge Burt, ex-Senator, says that nine-tenths of the Democrats are for Pendleton. Second choice here would be Ward or Thurman.

A. H. STILWELL.

But Messrs. Crowell and Bargar looked through the bung hole of a Standard oil barrel and their constituents were thereby obscured.

New Edition of the Revised Statutes—Personal

From the Coshocton Democrat.

Col. James M. Williams returned home last Thursday, from a two months stay in Cincinnati, where he was during the months of November and December, superintending putting through the press a new edition of the Revised Statutes of Ohio, which Mr. W. has edited for the well known publishing house of H. W. Derby & Co. The work is brought out in three volumes, and will be found to be a complete revison with new and fuller annotations of the original revised volumes of the Statutes of the State issued by the codifying commission in 1878, and also embracing subsequent general acts of the Legislature to the close of the last session. Attorneys who have had opportunity to examine and judge of the character of the author's work on this edition pronounce it by far the best edition of the laws of Ohio ever issued. As an evidence of the merit of this edition two thousand sets have been taken by the State for the use of members of the General Assembly and State offiers. The additional notes and references to this edition, which number several thousand, are the result of annotations made by the editor during the past four years with much care and pains-taking research, and it is a matter of no little local pride that a Coshocton Attorney has the well merited credit of giving to the bench and bar of the State a work of so much value.

MR. WARREN PARK, a conductor on the Connotton Valley Railway drew the Ladies' Gold Watch.

Mrs. John Mulligan, of Coshocton, drew the French Clock.

Ticket No. 31 which drew the Gent's Gold Watch has not been presented. Keep your tickets on the Gold Watch. D. M. MOORE.

Payne For Senator.

The Democrats of the Ohio Legislature met in caucus Tuesday night to ballot for a candidate for United States Senator. The result was as follows:

Payne, 48; Ward, 17; Pendleton, 15; Booth 1; Geddes 1.

For more than ten days the Cincinnati Enquirer, the organ of the Payne and Standard Oil crowd, vociferously declared that an open ballot would be had in the caucus, but when it came to the rub, the committee upon rules, of which Messrs. Crowell and Bargar were members, reported in favor of a secret ballot. It has been openly charged in Democratic news papers that the Payne gang were buying Legislators, and whether this be true or not, the fact that the committee were afraid of an open ballot, looks very suspicious.

Pendleton and Ward are very sore, and have refused to be interviwed.

The victory is one for John McLean and the Standard Oil monopoly, and the defeat to Pendleton is crushing.

The developments made during the pendency of the struggle are such as involve the political integrity of Democrats of heretofore high standing, and if one-half be true as charged in the columns of the Democratic news papers, there is fruitful field for the Grand Jury, and a demand for an investigation at the hands of the Legislature.

Mr. Payne is a man nearly 80 years of age. He was a candidate for Senator 33 years ago, when Ben Wade was chosen on the 37th ballot. He ran for Governor against Salmon P. Chase and was defeated. He was elected to Congress in 1874, and was a member of the Electoral Commission, in which he enjoyed the distinction of being one of the immortal seven. He is a violent partisan, very wealthy, has a disposition to punish his enemies, and prevented Thurman getting the Democratic nomination for President in 1880.

His sons are members of the Standard Oil Company, and that grasping monopoly championed his cause in the contest, and it is alleged bought the nomination. His choice is a blight upon the fair name of the State, and the honest Democrats are not at all backward about so expressing themselves, as witness the following editorial from the Columbus Evening Times (Democratic State organ) upon the result:

"The monopoly of the Standard Oil Company must be destroyed. Its intrusion into political circles must be prevented. There must be no later acceptance of this outrage. Party purity and perpetuity permit no complacency. These pernicious and foreign elements must be eradicated. And until they are, no Democrat will enter the Capitol of Ohio or of the Nation. This rottenness that uncovered itself last night has not its confines in Ohio. * * *

Corruption has made rotten the Democratic Legislature of Ohio. Money has had its potency to drag honor down into the mire. Satanic temptings by promises of future official profit have seduced the trustees of the noblest estate within the transfer of men. The guardians of political rights have betrayed their wards. A man who, in years long past had marks of popular confidence shown him by the bestowal of high commissions, one who has retained party esteem for the purity of his life, should not accept an honor thus conferred. Can such a man afford to utter no word of protest against the carnival of bribery, but permit a tainted trust to be presented him by the very traitors whose misdeeds have made it putrid. A past of party regard would dissolve in this latter-day subservience. The Times has no comprehension of the grandeur of the age that accepts vicarious honor. The recipient of the highest honor within Ohio's gift should not preserve the silence of the deep while it is being bought from legislators, who betray their constituents. There can be no perfunctory eulogy of that man without self-stultification. There will be none. He is not a representative of Democratic doctrine, his environment is not Democratic. * * *

The news of the heineous crime will carry gloom into the households of the grand aggregate of its true members. With sad hearts will come the reflection that the people must begin anew their work.

A result has been purchased in which not one democrat in five hundred acquiesces, or will ever acquiesce. The triumvirate has been foisted upon them to their utter surprise, against their solemn protests. They have been misrepresented by men whose consciences will ever torment them for their corruption. They have been made the unwilling constituency of man against the methods of whose election a popular majority of fifty hundred thousand would be returned by the party at an election. A syndicate has held a caucus. The people have been disfranchised. These traitors to their constituents must be investigated. To the evidence now accumulated untiring labor must add more damning. The insult to the law of the State must be avenged, and a penitentiary cell opened for any one who is proved guilty of corruption. It must out. Crime has never yet escaped detection. There will be legal evidence. Skulking away and vacant stares tell now the story of bribery."

Birthday Party.

Holidays in this section were rather dull. It was on account of the weather, but the people are now making up lost time, and parties, oyster suppers and entertainments are crowding each other so that it is enough to turn a person's head.

By far the grandest time was a surprise party at Mr. David McCoy's, of Virginia township. That gentleman's friends planned a surprise for him, and it is difficult to determine who were the most surprised, Mr. McCoy, his friends who planned the surprise, or the neighbors and friends who attended. Early in the morning friends began gathering, and by ten o'clock the mansion was filled from garret to cellar with jolly friends and neighbors. Mr. McCoy was taken completely by surprise—taken by storm—completely captured, as it were, when the Moscow Band came marching in, soon followed by the Chalfant Band.

All the forenoon, upstairs, downstairs, and all around rang the peals of merriment; but at 12 o'clock everybody's attention was directed toward that mystery of mysteries—the kitchen, from which certain savory smells issued, reminding us that the best was yet to come. At half past twelve dinner was announced—and such a dinner! Tongue or pen can not describe it. Suffice it to say that it never was surpassed in this country, noted for good dinners. Ninety hungry souls were made happy in the space of two or three hours, and then the bands began to play. Music of all kinds was on tap. A box of cigars was opened; another one was ordered up by the jolly host, and happiness was written everywhere. It reminded us of the good old times we read about.

Along in the afternoon, while people were about to prepare for home, our jolly host said: "Now, ladies and gentlemen, you captured me, and now its my turn to capture you. So Joe, order the oysters, and we'll make a night of it." So said, so done. At night the cellar was cleared and those who chose danced.

At this, the 70th birthday of Mr. McCoy, there were 120 different persons, day and night; 90 persons were entertained at noon, and 75 persons took oysters at night. The thanks of all are due to Mr. McCoy and his excellent lady for the fine entertainment, and may many such days come to them, and when they come the writer hopes to be around also.

The party broke up at 12 at night, and every one left behind many good wishes for the health and prosperity of the host and hostess.

IRA L. SHARP.

Plainfield.

Protracted meeting now going on.

A fuss and a fight took place here in Ham McClain's pool room on Friday night last. As reported to your correspondent, McClain and Chas. Agnew were playing pool, when Brooks Johnson and his brother Bob entered the room. Brooks and McClain had had some altercation before that evening. Mc. ordered Brooks to leave the room. Johnson refused, saying it was a public place, and if he behaved himself he had a right there. Mr. Agnew also put in a plea in favor of Johnson staying. Mc. then ordered both to leave, and undertook to put Johnson out; and struck at him with the cue. Agnew seeing him about to strike, threw his arm between Johnson and the blow and received some of it, while Johnson received the balance in his face. The two Johnsons and Agnew then went simultaneously at McClain with kicks and cuffs, cutting his face and head with their fists, and bruising up his face badly. It is said he has several cuts about the face and head and a pair of black eyes.

We are looking with some interest at the notices in your paper of the proposed Mt. Vernon, Coshocton & Wheeling Railroad. We think it to the interest of the company to come this way.

Since writing the above I understand that officers from Coshocton are after the Johnson boys who had the fuss with Ham McClain.

Change in Business.

The Dry Goods business carried on by me in Bloomfield, Clarks P. O., Coshocton County, Ohio, was changed January 1, 1884. I have given my two sons an interest in the business. The honest, industrious habits and zealous efforts of my sons in the business have won for them a wide reputation, and as an appreciation of this I have given them an interest in my large Dry Goods Store and Creamery.

A. J. DOAR.

The old business will be settled by the new firm. A. J. DOAR.

Madcap.

During the past week so many subscribers have been added to our list that we find it necessary to give a synopsis of the first installment of the excellent serial, Madcap, which appeared last week.

Chapter I.—Martha Mistake is convicted of the crime of murdering an infant, and is confined in jail; the jury returning the verdict recommend mercy. Mr. Eyre, a stern gentleman, a country English Squire, has caused her arrest and determined that she shall die. In an interview with the prisoner, she declares she is not guilty, and he says, "Tell all; yet at the parents that they may be accounted to justice," and then he finally declares they shall be discovered. The prisoner refuses to reveal any thing.

Chapter II.—Describes the beautiful country home of Mr. Eyre, his handsome young wife—Madcap—and two innocent boys; and reveals the stern, hard character of the father, who is so selfish that he begrudges his children the love bestowed upon them by their mother.

Chapter III.—Is a continuation of the scenes of Chapter I.

Frank Lovell, Madcap's first sweet-heart, whom she lost by a lover quarrel, and how Mr. Eyre came and claimed her is discussed. Mr. Eyre and his wife are out horse-back riding. Mr. Eyre says, speaking of the morrow, "Why, it is your birthday, Madcap, and we will spend it together;—but to-morrow, to-morrow—"

"To-morrow will be as happy as to-day," cried Madcap; but to this Mr. Eyre made no reply.

Chapter IIII, and a generous installment will be found on page 2.

Dresden.

Business has settled down to a permanent basis since the holidays. For a short time before and during the holidays, the prize system was indulged in to a considerable extent, and in some cases, where the prizes are large, and a large sum of money involved, they are being run over to spring. L. J. Lemert & Sons offer a prize; James Byant offered a load of coal which was drawn by Zach Ogle; Bryant also put up 100 pounds of Forest City baking powder and 36 pieces of goldband ironstone china. John F. Poorman was the lucky man. Mr. Byrant has up now a pair of large vases.

William H. Brenner is going to build a large hotel at Dresden Junction, and wants to have it done by April 1st. He is a very energetic thorough going man and we bespeak for him success.

W. G. Smyth, we are happy to say, is fast recovering from injuries received by a fall some weeks since. He had a number of his ribs fractured and received other internal injuries.

Mr. Fred H. F. Egbert left on Monday for Southern Ohio to look after some of his landed estates in that section, and probably to purchase other land while gone.

Harry Chalfant has been sick ever since New Years day. He attributes it partialy to the manner in which he started into the new year; caught a cold or something.

The Dresden Comet Band will give a grand musical festival in the near future.

On Saturday night, the 5th inst., about half past nine o'clock, the store room occupied by Mr. Wm. B. Crabtree as grocery, notion and general provision store, took fire and burned to the ground. A large building formerly occupied by the late William Farson, as a blacksmith and repair shop, which stood but a few feet from the store was also burned to the ground. The store room was owned by F. J. Terry, of Zanesville. Mr. Crabtree's stock of goods was valued at $1500, and was insured for $1000. The large frame building was worth about $400, no insuance. The store was worth from $800 to $1,000, with light insurance. The citizens worked faithfully to prevent the spread of the conflagration.

Wakatomika Lodge, No. 186, I. O. O. F., had her instalation of officers for the ensuing year, on Tuesday evening, 8th inst., by D. D. G. M. S. F., Stockdale, of Muskingum Lodge No. 28 Zanesville. The following were the elective officers installed: Chas. W. Eshman, N. G.; Wm. B. Crabtree, V. G.; Chas. E. Eaton, Treasurer; John F. Poorman, Per. Secretary.

At the business meeting of the Baptist Society of this place held on Saturday, they employed the Rev. James Harvey, of Adamsville, for half time preaching for the ensuing year.

RESERVE.

Inauguration Excursion Rates.

The Pittsburgh, Cincinnati & St. Louis Railway will sell cheap excursion tickets to Columbus and return from Coshocton and intermediate stations, on Monday, January 14, for the accommodation of those desiring to attend the inauguration ceremonies of Governor-elect Hoadly. Tickets will be good returning until Tuesday, the 15th inclusive. Passengers taking the morning trains of the Pan Handle arrive in Columbus in ample time to witness the entire program.

Notice!

All persons knowing themselves owing me either by note or book account, will please call at our store and settle. All accounts not settled Jan. 1, 1884, will be collected with interest.

A. J. DOAR.

January 1, 1884.

Agricultural Election.

The annual meeting of the Coshocton County Agricultural Society, for the election of officers, will be held at the City Hall, in Coshocton, on Monday, January 14th, 1884, at 1 o'clock p. m.

L. DEMUTH, Pres.
L. W. POTTER, Sec.

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®
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MADCAP;

—OR—

THE STORY OF A SIN,

BY HELEN B. MATHERS.

BOOK I.

CHAPTER IV.

He hoist up sails, and awa' sailed he,
And sailed unto a far countrie!
And when he looked his ring upon,
He knew she loved another man.

He hoist up sails, and hame came he—
Hame unto his ain countrie;
The first he met on his own land,
It chanced to be a beggar man.

The beauty of Lord Lovel's woods was invisible to the man who after dark that night traversed them with now hasty, now lingering steps, inhaling with an odd sense of memory the crushed scent of the wild flowers that from time to time he trod under foot.

No friendly gleam of light beckoned him toward the ancient house; no voice save a hireling's was likely to be uplifted in his welcome; and that sense of chilliness with which we approach a place of which hearts once made a home oppressed the wanderer as he crossed his own threshold, and hearkened to the long reverberations of the great bell as it clanged through the lonely, deserted place.

At last a woman came; but, before she could ask a question, he had passed her, and was standing in the midst of the dining-hall, when, amazed at his audacity, lamp in hand, she had shut the hall door and overtaken him.

"I want Job," he said; "will you send him to me?" And his voice and manner being of that sort which wins princess and peasant alike (for, after all, a princess, however finely she laces her bodice, can do no more than have a woman's heart inside it), she departed, and presently an elderly serving-man entered, who looked scrutinizingly at his visitor's back, at that moment turned toward him.

For a moment he stood, his pulses beating between doubt and hope; then, as the other turned in his walk, he ran forward, and seizing the young man in his arms, cried out in a paroxysm of love and joy—

"So you've come home at last, my dear, dear little Master Frank!"

"Yes, Job; come back at last," said his master, laying his hand on the old man's shoulder; "and come home to stay please God."

"That's good hearing," said Job, retreating a step to gaze at his new-found treasure: "but what brought you home so sudden-like?" he added, certain misgivings darting painfully through his mind.

"I got home-sick," said the young fellow, still resolutely fighting off a certain thought that had beset him ever since he set foot on English soil; "and, perhaps, I was tired of playing schoolboy, and wanted to be my own master—and yours, too, old friend," he added, wringing Job's hand, as though he found in that honest palm all the welcome man could desire.

"God bless your little heart!" said Job, to whom the birth of Frank was a mere matter of yesterday, and this stalwart young soldier no bigger than the toddling child whose steps he had so of'en guarded from danger; "but no bells rung! no carriage to meet you! What'll folks say to your coming home in this promiskis sort of way?"

"That as I've been traveling since daybreak I must be hungry," said Frank, seizing the candle. "Come along, Job. I've ransacked the larder too often not to know its whereabouts."

Job, as he followed those light heels, thought how bright the house had all at once become with that sunshine which his young master carried with him everywhere—in at the chinks of men's hearts, and lonely places that the sun had forgotten, and, in short, into every nook and corner where his eye glanced, and his step came. And travel stained as he was, he yet made one of those lovely figures that no man nor woman either could look on without admiration of that sort which leans to love.

"A poor home-coming!" said Job, shaking his head, as he served his master at the kitchen-table; "and you've come a bit too early or a bit too late," he added below his breath, wistfully searching Frank's face for the wickedness nowhere to be found in it.

The young fellow caught the look, and colored. He too longed, yet feared to ask a certain question, but it was unasked still when at midnight he stood alone in his chamber, and, drawing aside the curtain from his mother's picture, answered in words to the mute welcome her lips seemed to speak.

"I've come home, mother," he said, simply, just as though she heard him; "and you'll help me;" and perhaps she did hear her boy, and did help him—afterward—who knows? Sleep was impossible to him; here, under his own roof-tree, he realized what his future life must and should be, as his father's had been before him. All that he looked on, all that he touched, spoke to him of duty, and the noble traditions of an unstained name; and, as he threw the casement wide, and hearkened to the night wind as it rustled like a sight through the woods below, his heart swelled within him, and he swore that he would be a faithful steward to the hundreds of sleeping souls intrusted to his care. The morning sun was shining in his eyes when he awoke and descended to the library, where Job, no longer the transported friend, but the faithful domestic, awaited him with a breakfast was the product of a sleepless night.

It vexed the old man that his master would look through the open windows instead of at his plate; and yet who could take his eyes from those three avenues each above a mile in length, through whose fretted aisles, like a magnificent burst of melody from an unseen source, had swept the tide of God's eternal green?

"I don't s'pose you've seen anything since you went away to beat *that*," remarked Job complacently; "but, lor, what can you expect out of England, Master Frank?"

Frank laughed, and his laugh was something to remember, for its delightful ring, and the suggestions of happiness both to himself and others that it unconsciously brought.

"And yet there are some fine sights abroad, Job, as you would say, if you could see them."

"And you liked 'em so well you could stay away these six years?" said Job reproachfully.

"There was work to do," said Frank, the color rising to his face (and this was one of those traits that warmed men's hearts to him, as showing that in his mind still lurked the ingenuousness of earlier years). "A man does not run away home when his comrades are fighting; and I was wanted, Job, and nearly got my billet here," he added, laughing, as he touched a scar on his left temple that gave earnestness to the almost boyish beauty of his face.

"So it wasn't a bit of foolishness that kept you abroad all these years?" cried Job, triumphantly. "Love's all very well, but fighting's better; it warms the cockles of one's heart, and when all's said, it's the real work a man's done, not the times he's made a fool of himself to think of when he's got the blues, and you'll have work enough to do about the estate, without thinking of any love-making this ever so long."

"I'll leave that to the squire," said Frank, laughing. "Is he as bad as ever?"

"The squire has left the Hall," said Job, putting on a deceitful air of innocence as he poured his master out a cup of coffee. "He's eating frogs this blessed minute, no doubt; though I'm much mistook if Nancy of the Mill cottons down to 'em along with him."

"The old squire has left Lovel?" cried Frank, pushing back his plate.

"To be sure," said Job, with an elaborate appearance of unconcern; "it must be nigh on five year and a half ago that the county folks made up their minds that they couldn't stand Miss Nancy, and so——"

"And so the Red Hall's empty!" exclaimed Lord Lovel, starting up from his seat; "and I've been thinking of that old reprobate as holding his court there, and setting a bad example to the neighborhood—an influence that would dwarf mine so hopelessly, Job, that I could make no way against it."

"Well—well," said Job deprecatingly, "he were a rare bit of human natur', to be sure; and human natur's lively and interestin', Master Frank, while the Ten Commandments in the main is dull."

"But they don't bring disgrace in their train," said Frank, walking to the window and looking out. "Who was it you said was living at the Red Hall now?"

"His son," said Job, in a tone of suspicious mildness, as he busied himself about the table; "he's been here for years, and a new order of things it is up yonder—church and children, and sweethearting—but always with his own wife; they ride by here often, and I wonder how long it will last," added Job, with a smile.

"Barrington Eyre is *married*!" cried Frank, advancing; "then what became of—of——"

"Mr. Barrington was killed in a duel," said Job, inwardly marveling at his master's ignorance; "it's young Mr. Eyre that's living up at the Hall now."

"Young Mr. Eyre!" cried Frank, starting back as though a bullet had struck him—"old Mr. Eyre, you mean, —and he is here—*here*—impossible!"

"Well, he ain't a chicken, to be sure," said Job impartially, "that's why I've got some hopes of him yet; when folks of his age takes a moral turn, it gets fixed into a sort of habit with 'em."

"Then he *has* turned over a new leaf!" exclaimed Frank involuntarily.

"Lor, Master Frank, I wonder if he knows his own face in the glass, he's that altered; he's a justice and a magistrate, and punishes folks for being wicked instead of making 'em so, as he and all the Eyres did afore him. But it's deadly dull in the village now," added Job regretfully, "or so the women say; all the pretty chincks hereabouts go unchucked, and if there's a bit of beauty growing up in the place, there ain't a soul in life to discover it."

"Would you have him as bad as his father?" burst out poor Frank in a rage, and still pale with the shock of finding Madcap living at his very gates.

"Well," said Job, in a tone that befitted his name, "I hope it may last; but there's no reckoning on them Eyres; and though he just dotes on her now—women cloy, even the best of 'em—God a'mighty mostly makes 'em too sweet or too sour, and there's few a man can sup of every day and not wish for a change once by whiles, Master Frank."

But the latter part of Job's dissertation was lost on Frank, who escaped through the open window, and was striding down the central avenue as for a wager.

This sudden knowledge of her nearness for the moment overcame him—it was as though a picture he had been gazing at from a distance had stepped out of its frame to stand beside him, and he must take its flesh-and-blood hand in his own, and change the likeness of his face toward it* for while in his memory, and afar off, she was still his sweet little Madcap, his tyrant, his love * here at his gates she was wife to his friend only—his friend who had stolen her from him, but who had made her—happy.

He looked around him—that exquisite sense of newness with which the old country ever strikes us after long sojourn in burning climes, gradually stole upon and soothed him; and the pride in his own soil, that every true man knows, awoke and prompted thoughts of an existence apart from love. With a sudden backward movement of the shoulders, as though he shook some weight from them, he stood for a moment to watch the woven dazzle of light and shadow above—a shaft of sunlight fell full on the young, beautiful face, refined almost to sternness by its absorption of thought; but, like magic, the look faded, as almost at his side there broke forth a peal of childish laughter, and, with a violent start, he perceived how he had reached a portion of his estate that adjoined Mr. Eyre's, a tall hedge forming the boundary between them.

He was turning to retrace his steps when a woman's voice, following on the others', drove the blood from his cheek, and rooted him to where he stood. A moment and he was parting the young leaves to look to the meadow beyond, across which he saw his lost Madcap coming, holding up her gown with one rounded arm, a basket in her hand, and a child on either side, tripping over the cowslip's head, with a footfall light as a shadow, quick as a sunbeam,

A woman perfect as a young man's dream,
And breathing beauty and the old sweet air
Of the fair days of old, when man was young
And life an epic.

Heavens, how he had forgotten her! Memory's colors had no more power to paint her as she lived and breathed than an echo is able to repeat the tone of a well-loved voice; and if but a moment ago he had thought of her as happy, how poor and pale a thing that happiness seemed beside this radiant joy that glowed with color, life, and song! And he realized then that in her choice she had done well—that she might never have looked as she looked then, if she had married himself, and if the man's passionate love leaped up in him at sight of her, a nobler instinct struggled above, and thrust it down.

"Look," she cried, "here and here, and here!" and at each word stooped to pluck a cowslip from its stalk, yet found time between to kiss the little eager faces so near her own, and so for the first time brought her motherhood home to Frank's mind; for perpetually as she had dwelt in his mind all these years, Madcap as a mother had never for a second presented herself to his imagination.

His heart throbbed; inexpressibly sacred and more dear to him in this most moving, pathetic situation a woman can fill in the eyes of the man who loves her, was Madcap then. Her voice came to him like a revelation as she dropped her basket to throw an arm round each child's neck and call them her little loves, her sweethearts—after all, might not the secret of her happiness lie with *them*, not with Mr. Eyre?

"And now for the cowslip ball," she cried, and came all breathless to the brook, and sat down beside it with her lapful of gold—"God's gold," as Doune, who was beginning to understand what his prayers meant, with some condescension informed Dody.

"But me know sumfin' too," said Dody, who was watching the fall of each cowslip's head with absorbed attention—

"A wobin and a wren
Are God a'mighty's cock and hen.

Did 'oo know *zat*, mummy?"

"No," said Madcap, laughing; "but Dody knows lots and lots of things that mummy doesn't!"

"Me'll seep wiz 'oo to-night," said Dody, with a royal nod, "and then me'll tell 'oo."

"Josephine won't let you," said Doune, who looked upon such talk as a frivolous interruption to cowsliping, and whose love for his mother was rarely shown in outward expression.

"His fath r's son," thought Frank, [illegible] looked at him with a momentary [illegible] of [illegible]ession; then away from [illegible] Dody, who in feature and coloring [illegible] resembled Mr. Eyre, but carried a subtle look of Madcap in his every look and gesture that won Frank's heart on the spot, as later on, Frank won his—and kept it, too, to the last. To the young fellow, the making of that cowslip ball was an idyl, and never sure was a string more prettily held than by this little pair of lads, so serious, so intent, so fearful lest even by a wandering glance after a butterfly a shake should be engendered and a blossom spilled; while between them knelt Madcap in her white gown, swinging those golden bells as one who weaves in with each a hidden joy, a sweet content, that made the wreathing of this child's plaything as true an index to her life as though Frank had followed it, day by day, for the past six years.

"*Eeny* more f'owers, mummy?" said Dody, speaking for the first time since the ball had been commenced.

Yes! there was one more; it was between Madcap's fingers then. She was looking into its heart, cinque-spotted but she saw not the flower, she had forgotten her children; a dark beloved face, seldom an hour absent from her side, had risen before her, and in spirit she had leaped to it, and was crying out—"Yesterday, I wished you away; but, to-day, I wish you *here*!"

"Me *knows* me'll drop it," said Dody, in a voice of grave rebuke; and then Madcap came to herself with a start, and swung her cowslip, and with much squeezing of certain little fat hands inside it, the ball was tied and tossed high in the air, with the magic invocation—

Tisty-tosty, fair and forty,
How many years shall I live?
One——

Down slipped the golden ball through Madcap's fingers, and with a shout of joy was seized on by the children, who held it up for her small—velvety, voluptuous, like a full rich draught of summer after the wayward sips of sweetness that lurk in the pale cups of primrose and anemone! As the children ran away with their treasure, Madcap cast a quick look around and drew from her bosom a letter, that she first kissed, then held a moment in her hand, as a child will delight to abstain for a moment from its coveted cake; and Frank wondered what could be on the page to bring such lovely lights and shadows to her face as she read. Was it, then, Mr. Eyre's habit to write his wife a love-letter every time she took a morning walk without him? She had found it on her pillow that morning when she had awakened to find Mr. Eyre gone; and this was his letter,—the first love-letter Mr. Eyre had ever written his wife,—

"Madcap," he said, "I go to my father, who is dying. This is our first parting, the first in six long happy years, and I leave you thus rather than that the word 'Farewell' should be spoken between us; it is a word that must not, shall not, hold any meaning for you and me. In three days, at latest, I will return, or summon you to my side. I would take you with me, but such associations are not for you. Wife—sweetheart—joy of my life, write to me the moment you receive this—and every day, do not let those rogues delay you for one moment. Pshaw! I know thou lovest me in thy real heart better, I think, than those pretty boys I gave thee.

"I am, now and always,
"Your loving, faithful husband,
"EYRE."

"I didn't think it of you, Master Frank; no, that I didn't," said a reproachful voice at Frank's elbow; "let alone the Bible, I never know'd no good as ever come to a Peeping Tom; they mostly peeps after petticoats, and petticoats bring misfortins."

"What is it?" said Frank, whose color announced him fully alive to the meanness of the action in which he had been caught. "Was that letter from him?" he added mentally.

"Why, Colonel Busby's asking for you; sure you don't forget *him*, Master Frank, the biggest fool in these parts."

"Confound him!" cried Frank, heartily. "Well, I hope the callers have begun early enough."

"It's not a call exactly," said Job, "it's business. I s'pose they want you to sign the 'morial they're getting up for that poor soul up yonder;" and he pointed in the direction of Marmiton.

"What poor soul?" said Frank, for a moment the thought of Madcap swept aside.

"The woman what's condemned to death for drowning a child in the Shifting Pool," said Job, speaking slowly and watching the effect of his words.

"Poor wretch!" said Frank, absently; "by the way, Job, do you know if Mr. Eyre is from home?"

"What made you think of that?" said Job, with a shrewd suspicion as to what his master had been peeping at; "well, he is—I heard it just now—the old squire is dying at last, and Mr. Eyre he was telegraphed for yesterday, but wouldn't go cos 'twas his wife's birthday; but, lor, Master Frank, don't 'ee go in for looking through Mr. Eyre's hedges; he's a bad one to meddle wi', an' David ain't the only one as got into trouble through a spying after what warn't his'n."

"Ah, how do you do, my dear Lovel?" said Colonel Busby as Frank entered the library by the window; "rejoiced to see you home again, and looking so bright and well; you have come, too, in the very nick of time to render me a most valuable assistance. For some reason, Eyre has set himself from the first against that unhappy woman up at the jail, and will cut off her last chance; of life if he can; but with your signature"—and he suddenly unfurled before Frank's astonished eyes a scroll on which were inscribed names varying in dignity from that of a lord of the manor, to a tiller of the same—"we hope to defeat him yet."

"What is it?" said Frank, passing his hand over his mouth to hide a smile, Colonel Busby's little fat form and extended scroll irrepressibly suggesting the personage who in a pantomine is always striving to got a hearing, but never succeeds.

"Have you not heard?" said the Colonel, who thought himself the pivot on which the world turned; "it's the memorial to the Home Secretary."

"Of course," said Frank, apparently waking up, "it's about a cowslip—I mean a man—no, a woman——"

"A woman," said Colonel Busby, in a tone of stern rebuke, "who now lies under sentence of death. A woman," he repeated, "who must be saved."

"This won't do," thought Frank, and compelled himself to thrust the thought of Madcap aside, and take the memorial in his hands.

The first few lines carried little meaning to his mind, but as he read on a change passed over his face. "A stranger to the place," he said, still looking at the paper, "and she came here in search of some unknown person?"

"Yes," said Colonel Busby, nodding, "the father probably—there have been suspicions, he went on, "but it's odd that none have pointed in what I'd swear is the right direction," and he made a significant gesture toward the Hall.

"What!" cried Frank, his bright face suddenly growing pale as death. Colonel Busby nodded. "To be plain with you," he said, "and it's more than I dare to be with any other soul, for Eyre leads the whole country by the nose, you're suspected of what I firmly believe he is guilty of. You see, it happened five and a half years ago, and we all know what his life was before his marriage—and there's not a doubt the woman came in search of the father."

Frank's hand suddenly closed on the parchment—for a moment sight failed, and he felt as if the life were going out of him in agonizing convulsive throbs; then, as the necessity for self-control smote him, he drew himself erect, and appeared to be reading what was in reality a blank to him.

"If the murder was committed [illegible] and [illegible] half years ago," he said, "how comes it that the mother is only now convicted?"

"It is not the mother," said Colonel Busby, staggered in his previous convictions by Frank's manner; "it's supposed that this was her servant, and that the crime was committed unknown to the parents."

"Is she a small sandy-haired woman, bordering on middle age?" said Frank, the words escaping him involuntarily.

"To be sure," said Colonel Busby, more and more depressed by his conviction of Frank's guilt; "a mean-looking creature!"

"Thank God!" cried Frank, in a more natural voice, his mind relieved of at least one terrible fear. "And her mistress, has she been here? Is she in the place?"

"We don't know that she has a mistress," said Colonel Busby, staring at the young man; "it's a mere guess, but she seems in mortal dread of some unknown person coming before she dies, and it looks suspicious."

"Then she has confessed nothing?" said Frank eagerly.

"Nothing, publicly. What she said to Mr. Eyre in private we don't know. She asked for him directly after the trial was over, and they were closeted together some time. It was he who committed her to prison on mere suspicion of the deed, and, in fact, from first to last has shown an extraordinary interest in the case and the woman."

An exclamation burst from Frank's lips; but calming himself by a great effort, he said, "Mr. Eyre is absent from home?"

"Yes; but before leaving he wrote to town. You know his influence in high quarters, and this influence he is using *against her*."

"What!" cried Frank, recoiling a step. "He could save this woman's life and will not?"

Colonel Busby nodded.

"You know what he is," he said; "immovable when he has once made his mind up. 'Guilty' she is, and hanged she shall be,' that's the way he talks. But you'll sign, of course?"

Mechanically the young man took the pen thrust upon him, and signed his name; but, having done so, his eye was arrested by the signature immediately above his own—"H. Clarke."

"Hester Clarke!" he almost shouted. "Who signed that name? You said that she was not here; that—that——"

"I see no Hester Clarke there," said Colonel Busby, looking over his shoulder; "that's the signature of Clarke, the butcher, Christian name, Henry. Is that the name of the mother?" he added sharply, and with bitter disappointment in his heart that the public pillory was not for Mr. Eyre after all—but Frank, pale to the lips, did not reply. The question he had never dared to ask through all those years of absence had answered itself almost in the hour of his return, and the matchless beauty of his words smote him with a cruel sense of pain as he looked out upon them.

"Well, well," said Colonel Busby, "don't take it to heart; it may blow over, and it might have happened to anybody, you know; but, of course, it will make you anxious to pull the woman through."

"What!" said Frank, with so much haughtiness, that Colonel Busby took an involuntary skip to the door, and with a hurried good morning, closed it behind him.

"And I could have sworn," he muttered, venomously, as he seized his hat, "that the father was to be found at the Red Hall!"

"I'm sure of it, sir," said Job, appearing, and handing the angry gentleman his stick; "and what's more, we'll prove it. It ain't *in* a Lovel to do a mean action."

"So you've been listening at the keyhole, hey?" said Colonel Busby, unconscious of missing an opportunity.

"I have the honor of my master's confidence, sir," said Job, dryly; and Colonel Busby, reflecting too late that this man might have been valuable to him, found the door gently but firmly closed in his face.

"Bless you for an old bumble-bee!" said Job fervently from the other side. "Seems as if fools like you was born just to teach wise folks like us patience; and when God A'mighty thinks you've taught us enough, He just lets you crack your own empty head against a window-pane; but you went bumbling and buzzing into the right jam-pot when you said the father was up at the Red Hall, and not here."

CHAPTER V.

That hot youth—a tree with a rough bark,
Which covers all with its shadow, prospect
and path.

At about the time Madcap was sitting down to write Mr. Eyre a letter, he was entering the courtyard of a private hotel in the Rue Rivoli, a quick glance at the windows assuring him that he had not arrived too late.

"My master is very ill, sir," said the old servant, who had hastened down to meet him; "but he has just rallied in a wonderful way, and is talking quite like himself."

"Is that you?" said old Mr. Eyre, whose voice and eyes seemed the only living things about him, as he lay on his bed a ghastly, stricken shape, incapable of movement. "I did not expect you. Does the Izaak Walton business, combined with matrimony, grow a trifle wearisome, after all?"

"We will discuss my private affairs when we are alone," said his son, with a glance toward the be-ribboned, bejeweled person, who boldly kept her place by his father's side.

"You can go, my dear," said the old man, turning his eyes on her sarcastically, "and amuse yourself by putting on a few more gewgaws. You will cut a fine figure in 'em when I am gone, and, if you play your cards well, may even marry—my courier!"

The door closed with a bang on a petticoat, that on the way to it had contrived to overturn a table laden with bottles and other paraphernalia of sickness.

"A sweet creature!" said Mr. Eyre, dryly; "her playful spirit has kept me alive these five years. There's no 'damned iteration' about her; but, on the contrary, a never-ending variety—and she nurses me devotedly. There's time yet to put a codicil to my will."

He smiled sardonically at his son's back; but that gentleman had moved away, and was looking out of the open window.

"And I really am not difficult to please," he went on. "I think it was Byron's servant, Fletcher, who remarked that he never knew a lady who could not govern his master, except his wife; but I have omitted to inquire for the health of my daughter-in-law, whose acquaintance, by the way, I have never made."

"She is well," said Mr. Eyre, briefly.

"She must be a wonderful creature," said the old man, a sneer lifting his hard mouth; "in short the whole race of women—epitomized. I am told she is handsome."

Mr. Eyre half smiled in scorn of such a description of Madcap—Madcap of whom, with Sir Thomas Overbury's milkmaid, might be said, "*all her excellencies stand in her silently as if they had stolen on her without her knowledge.*"

"But so were the others," continued old Mr. Eyre; "and though I could understand your remaining so long in a coin *du feu* to which you were not legally tied—a great charm that, and one that has kept many a man in it for life out of pure contradiction—this [illegible] business of yours is beyond me. Of mirth and innocence! Of milk and water!"

"Did you summon me here solely to discuss such topics as these?" said his son, pa[illegible]ing [illegible] in his [illegible].

"I did[illegible] [illegible]d for you to [illegible] to me," said the old man, [illegible]; keep y[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] fo[illegible] [illegible]; [illegible] to dy[illegible], [illegible]hat's [illegible]— what's death? The one breeds a worm, that other feeds it; and, like Byron, I hope it is no sin to laugh at all things; for, after all, what are all things but a show? But you'll stay here," he added, in a different tone, "whether it's three hours or three weeks to the end."

"No," said Mr. Eyre, "I can remain here but three days."

"Be sure I'll not detain you a moment longer than I am obliged," said the old man, dryly. "Why didn't you bring her?" he added, sharply; "there's no knowing what Bluebeard's closet she mayn't be peeping into in your absence, —so much innocence requires a deal of watching over."

"Oh, I'm not afraid," said Mr. Eyre, indifferently.

"You are fortunate," said the old man; "*I* never tried so risky an experiment. My idea of happiness has been independence of everything and everybody,—and that you can't be, when you see the direct effect of your every deed, good or evil, upon those you love. Pshaw!" he added, as though ashamed of the momentary touch of feeling; "what do I know of love? Love with old men, as a great authority takes care to inform us, costs *trente mille francs* a year."

Mr. Eyre turned away, and the old man's eyes followed him, as with firm step he walked to and fro.

"The life suits you," he said suddenly; "you look years younger than when I saw you last—clearly respectability has its gains. I don't know why it should not, if it pulls with your inclination; besides, you sacrifice nothing to it, and there you show sense. After all, can appearances and the world's good opinion give you a single thing worth having? Health, sleep, appetite, freedom, friendship—it's curious how little all these are affected by what people say."

"Good name in man or woman," said Mr. Eyre absently, his soul and thoughts with Madcap.

"Pooh!" said the old man, "that's if their name is their living, not otherwise. You like your present life because your wife suits you; if she didn't, you would think twice before settling among those dullards and make yourself one of them. And to be sure, when you die," he went on, reverting to his usual tone, "there will be much lip-service, but not a real tear among those who follow you—your burial may be more decorous, but it won't be half as well attended as mine. To be really loved by your neighbors, you must fail in life from their point of view, and they must pity you; to be aware of the secret difficulties and backslidings of your friends is to love them, while to hear perpetually of their virtues and success is to avoid their very mention. Now, in the country you will always be a Greek quotation that nobody understands, a standing reminder to folks of their ignorance, and detested accordingly; but in town there's a great field open to you; in Parliament you will have full scope for your abilities, and since you feel the disgrace of our name so keenly, you might even have the opportunity of being the founder of a new line."

"I have thought of it before," said Mr. Eyre, carelessly; "but I won't quit my country life. Ten years ago, perhaps, I might have thought of it, but now——"

"And so the life contents you?" said the old man. "But mark me, it won't always. Happiness alone will never satisfy an Eyre; besides, you're vegetating—not really enjoying life. Who is it that says one must be light-hearted as a Frenchman of the eighteenth century, or sensual as an Italian of the sixteenth, to be actually happy?"

"I desire no more," said Mr. Eyre, looking at his watch; "and now I must leave you for a short time, to write letters."

As he left the room by one door, the abigail entered it by the other.

"More gewgaws," said his father, "and more ribbons! Are you in hopes of making an impression on my son? My sweet creature, you ain't half handsome enough; he was always more particular in the matter of women's looks than I."

CHAPTER VI.

Consequences are unpitying.

At about the time Mr. Eyre was entering his father's hotel, a woman rang with trembling hand the great bell at the jail gates of Marmiton; and the chaplain, who was coming out, paused to look at her with a sudden quick suspicion of the truth.

"Sir, will you let me into the prison, for God's sake!"

He looked at her more attentively. Yes; this must be the mother—voice—attitude—eyes—all betrayed an agony of impatience rarely shown by a woman save where the life of her child is concerned.

"You wish to see the woman, Mistake?"

"The woman who lies under sentence of death for the murder of a child," she said; "they told me I should not be able to gain admission to-night; but you will let me in, if but for one moment?"

"It is against the rules," he said, as he retraced his steps; "but in this case——" and he rang, and gained admission.

Having taken her to his room, he went in search of the governor of the jail, and the two returned together.

She sprung up at the sound of their steps, and hurried toward them.

"Your name?" said the governor.

"Hester Clarke—take me to her," she added imploringly; and without a word or question, impelled by that terrible force of motherhood to do her will, the governor, calling a jailer, himself conducted her to the cell where the condemned woman lay. Outside the threshold she paused. "I must go in alone," she said; and as the jailer drew the door to with a clang, he saw her standing just within, looking toward a huddled-up heap, scarcely visible by the light of the evening sky. For a moment the man without lingered, holding his breath; but all was still; then through the prison wall pierced an awful cry and condemnation, all in one.

The prisoner had crouched away at the approach of footsteps; her hands pressed against her ears, her face buried in her knees; but at the sound of that voice, a convulsive movement shook her from head to foot.

"It was my child!" cried the new-comer, advancing a step, and then, with both arms lifted and held before her eyes, the condemned woman fell on her knees, and dragged herself painfully along the flagged stones, reached the feet of her visitor, and lay huddled there.

"Mistress!" she said, in a voice that was nothing like human, "mistress!"

For a moment the mother stood motionless, looking down on the sordid outline at her feet; then a swift, ungovernable impulse of hatred seized and tossed her on its waves. *This*,—this poor contemptible thing had found power to rob her of that treasure more dear to her than life, for which her heart pained night and day like a sobbing sick child in its deserted cradle.

"Kill me, mistress," said Janet, half looking up, and seeing that terrible face above her, those uplifted hands clinched as in act to strike.

"Kill you!" cried the mother,—"one short, fierce pang, and all over; and for me—for me—God may forgive you," she broke out, with that old, deathless cry of the brokenhearted, "but *I* never will!"

The woman at her feet trembled under the sound of that voice, [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] terrible in reality than in her un[illegible] th[illegible] her hand [illegible]t up to what looked li[illegible] string of d[illegible]-colored knotted [illegible] ro[illegible] her thro[illegible], and clutched [illegible].

"If you'd come five minutes later," she said slowly, "I'd ha' been past your forgiveness,—they're tired of watching me, and left me alone half an hour—I was tying the ends o' this to the bed when I heard steps. I'd ha' faced death willing rather than ha' faced you. P'raps if you'd found me dead, you'd ha' found a word of pity to say in ears as couldn't hear."

"There's no pity in my heart," said her mistress, in a dull, hard tone. "*You* had none when you killed it—my little baby."

"Mistress!" cried Janet, in anguish, "why wasn't *that* in your voice when I put the baby in your arms first. You thrust it away, and said you hated it, because it looked at you with its father's eyes; and if you ever took it to your breast in love, 'twas when I was not by to see; an' when I asked you to let me take it to my own people you never said to me nay, but let it go wi'out a kiss or a look; when it was gone you missed it, an' its little ways came back on you like an old tune, an' you wanted the baby home agen—mistress! mistress!"

She dared to look up, but the mother's face was hidden; she stretched her hand and touched her robe, but from that light contact the other recoiled—"the hand that killed my child," she muttered, shuddering in every limb.

"No," said Janet, sadly, "I didn't kill the wee thing; but I am as guilty as if I did, and that's why I pleaded guilty—that, and because 'twas easier to die than look you in the face agen."

"You did not kill it!" repeated the mother, seizing Janet's arm in a grasp of steel.

"No," said Janet. Mistress, if you'll sit down beside me, I'll try to tell you."

She groped her way to the edge of the pallet, and with uncertain steps the mother crossed the cell, and sat down beside her.

The moment had come when they must look in each other's face, and slowly in the fading light their eyes met.

"Tell me," said the mother, scarcely above her breath.

"When I asked you to let me take the baby away," said Janet, looking on the ground, "I'd a wild thought to lay it at its father's door—its father that throwed you aside to be happy wi' his new love, an' though you'd never told me his name, in the fever you dropped a word here an' there, an' one day I found something by chance, an' afterward I took the baby away by your leave, but I didn't go to my own people. I'd got two names in my mind, and one was the Red Hall, and the other was Lovel. When my money was all gone; I begged my way, but always the child lay warm agen me, and wanted nothing, an' so, at last, I got here; but 'twas a mistake. An old man liv'd up at the Hall, and the young lord were away wi' his regiment in foreign parts; so I'd nothing to do but just go back to you wi' that as you hated so bitter, an' wished dead an' out o' sight—or so I thought then, as I sat down by the pool to rest, well-nigh clemmed wi' hunger, an' stiff wi' cold."

She shivered, then, half cowering away, tried to pierce the gloom that was gradually shutting out from her the motionless figure by her side.

"It was but a bit of a pool—I'd never have guessed 'twere deep enough to hide anything—and more than one passed by while I sat beside it—an' all at once the thought came to me that I'd lay the baby down beside it, and leave it there—some one 'ud find it, and care for it, an' I'd go back an' tell you it had died; an' you'd be happy, an' pr'aps your life 'ud not be spoiled after all.

"I kissed the little thing, an' laid it down beside the pool, an' I hid behind the trees to watch; but no one came, and I were just battling it out if I'd wait till 'twas found, wi' the chance of my being caught and put in prison, or beg my way back to you, when I heard a little cry an' splash, an' when I ran to the pool the baby was gone; but there was a great eddy on the face of the pool, an' I were just frozen, an' not able to dash in after it, every moment thinking to see it come to the surface; but he were so wrapped up he must ha' sunk like a stone.

"I'd forgot how strong he was for his age, an' how he could roll himself along the ground"—the old woman went on—"and when the pool was still, I sat down beside it, wi' no more power to move from it than if I'd been dead.

"A laborer that had gone by before passed by again, an' looked at me hard, just as if he knew what was in the pool; but he didn't speak, and I bided there all that night wi' the sound of that splash and cry in my ears. But when daylight broke, something seemed to set me on my feet, and drew me away, an' I went wi'out ever looking back; an' so by days and nights begged my way back to you."

There was too little light in the cell now for the two women to discern each other by; but that silent, invisible figure beside Janet was more terrible to her than the wildest reproaches of tongue and eye could have been. "Mistress," she whispered, not daring to touch her—"mistress, you hear—you know now. When I got back you ran to me an' tore the shawl from my breast, 'My child—where's my child?' you said. It was the mother's heart crying out at last, an' mine just dropped like a stone, an' I had no words to tell you, but that 'twas dead. 'Take me to it,' you cried; and then I remembered how that morning I'd passed a little new-made grave in a quiet churchyard, an' it came to me, like a voice, that I'd take you there; 'twas a foundling's that none was like to visit, an' you laid there all that night in the rain, and I beside you; an' then the brain-fever took you, an' when you came to yourself again, you never asked to see the grave, only you was always looking for such a child as yours might ha' been had he lived to grow up. An' so we went about lookin'—always lookin' for what we never found.

"I used to lie awake at nights fixin' it in my mind what I told you of the baby's dyin', lest I'd forget, an' tell you somethin' different—how it smiled when I said 'mamma,' for all he was so little; an' how his fingers took hold on mine when the pain in his throat got worse, and last of all took him.

"But one day, in a paper that come in my way, I saw how a pool had dried up in a village; an' how, at the bottom, there was found a little skeleton; an' night an' day I saw but the pool,—always the pool, and had that splash in my ears, till one day I put my money together, an', not saying a word to a living soul, set out, and never restin' till I had reached it; an' the first thing I saw was the man on the other side as had seen me sitting there,—first wi' the baby in my arms, and then wi'out him.

"A magistrate was passing; he committed me to prison, while another man would only ha' been lookin'. He's a great man in these parts; he come to see me yesterday, an' I asked him to get me hanged off quick, afore you could come an' know 'twas me; an' if you'd come to-morrow, I'd ha' been buried, an' you'd never ha' known. But I'd seen you, an' told you the truth now, and 'twixt this an' Saturday you'll say a word—just a word!"

When the turnkey entered a few seconds later, it was to find the two women sitting apart, the one huddled up in the same attitude in which he had last seen her, the other looking straight before her, with wide-open, fixed eyes, and arms in the attitude of one who hugged to her breast some small, slight burden that, invisible to all others, was to himself a living and tangible thing.

[*To be Continued.*]

THE NEW NORTHWEST.

[illegible]Correspondence Coshocton Age.

PORTLAND, OREGON, Dec. 17, 1883.

The Northern Pacific Railroad, as I once told you, holds its lands in Oregon at a most exorbitant figure, which I boldly charge is obtained under false pretences. In their seductive pamphlets one may read that every fruit, and every toothsome berry, and every palatable product of the earth is simply a spontaneous offshoot from this wonderful soil. But wonderful as the soil is, the imagination of the author, or railroad laureate, is more so, as it was with infinite regret that I have his picture spoiled at every turn. Indeed the land that produces good wheat, and plenty of it, is not indigenous to breadfruit, bananas, vanilla beans, sugar cane, Oolong tea, oranges, or ourang-outangs, and so I suggest that in the next edition the N. P's laureate shall bear down more upon the facts consistent with our meteorology. In their proper season there are excellent strawberries, raspberries, huckelberries, and all the small fruits except grapes, to which the soil doesn't seem to have much of an affinity, and these are essentially the total of the fruit productions, as one may expect after Mr. Villard has told him that we are only a good cannon shot from the North Pole.

Leaving Portland at the Ainsworth dock we go upon the elegant steamers of the Navigation Company, which, to our surprise, is nothing but a ferry-boat plying between Portland and Albina, at which place we begin to realize some of the vast measures that are being taken to develop the resources of this grand region. A mammoth dry dock capable of receiving the largest ocean steamers, a system of coal bunkers equal in size and capacity to the largest in the country, a flouring mill upon which a quarter of a million dollars have already been expended, and the machine shops of the Navigation Company, which with the other improvements of the company, cover a tract of thirty acres; all attest the future of Albina and the rich returns from this gigantic investment of capital. By the train from Albina we soon reach the banks of the grand, and I should say, mighty, Columbia, soon again entering the gorge in the Cascade Mountains cut by the ceaseless flow of the great stream for ages. Farther on we come to the Cascades, that inseparable barrier to the inland navigation of the Columbia, and around which the Government is freely pouring out its treasure in the construction of a canal. When this work shall have been completed there is no one now living who can take advantage of it; but government is not so much concerned for the present of this people as for the future.

There is no spot of country in this region, no class or generality of people, no industry that does not pay tribute to Portland and her prosperous and enterprising tradesmen; and all of these signs of development, opening up to the world of labor a country that is seemingly illimitable in extent and exhaustable in resources, point to this city as one of the great commercial marts of the country within the next decade of years. With the obstacles at the Cascades removed, the mind may not conceive the future possibilities that the free navigation of the Columbia will produce. It was here that the great Cascades' massacre occurred in the pioneer days, and the old log block house, whose occupants stood out so valiantly against the attacks of the merciless foe, still stands as a monument to the truest heroism ever recorded in the annals of Indian warfare. A point that used to be a stopping place, and the transhipping portage for all freight that went up or down the river, is The Dalles, which has grown to be a most prosperous and thriving city, whose people are all well-to-do in this world's goods and intelligent withal. It is the commercial centre of an immense stretch of country on both sides of the river, and as this is developed the city grows with it. There is no sign here, in the journey of 400 miles, of any deterioration in the richness of productiveness of the soil, and the many thousands of acres that were late last year open to the settler, have since been virtually all taken up. The outlet for productions is the railway portage to Celilo, a distance of 30 miles, and thence by steamer on the upper Columbia. My route hereafter will be south from Portland, and through a country scarcely less important in a commercial point than I have attempted to describe though in my next I will briefly remark upon Olympia, Saettle, and some other points in Washington Territory and Oregon.

Go NORTH or south you will find Baxter's Mandrake Bitters a valuable preventive of disease. Sold by McNaughton & Sei[illegible].

Ex-President Hayes.

General Comley, of Toledo, in an interview spoke as follows of his old chief:

"Do you think ex-President Hayes will ever re-enter politics?"

"He is one of the best friends I ever had, and is one of the best men on earth. I have been very intimate with him, and he told me that nothing could induce him to come into politics again unless it should be some great emergency in the history of his party, such as he was satisfied would never happen. There have been a great many lies told on President Hayes. No man ever did so much entertaining in the White House. Alexander Stephens said this, and he ought to know. Hayes entertained modestly and without ostentation, but he entertained well. He is a liberal man in his ideas, and is not at all a hypocrite. I like him, and I never could like a man of that kind. He did not like drunkards, was the extent of what has been termed his "fanatical temperance views." He once told me that he could take a thief or a ruffian and make a good soldier of him, but that some of the brightest and best men and bravest fighters who were adicted to drink would get drunk at the very time their services were most needed.

He is living at his beautiful home in the suburbs of Fremont. He has a fine library, and spends much of his time among his books, happy and contented. Historic Fort Stephenson, which belonged to his uncle, he has given to the town, fitted up with a fine library. The old gun which Lieutenant Croghan had there is still mounted and in position, a momento of the gallant Croghan's memorable fight. I am told the ex-President has recently given a church in Fremont $10,000. If ever there was a pure, exhalted man, R. B. Hayes is that man. In war he was chivalrous and brave, and in peace he is unassuming and generous.

Joe Parsons.

Joe Parsons was a Baltimore boy, and a little rough, but withal a good hearted fellow and a brave soldier. He got badly wounded at Anteitam, and thus laconically described the occurrence and what followed, to some people who visited the hospital:

"What is your name?"

"Joe Parsons."

"What is the matter?"

"Blind as a bat, sir; both eyes shot out."

"At what battle?"

"Anteitam."

"How did it happen?"

"I was hit and knocked down, and had to lie all night on the battle field. The fight was renewed next day, and I was under fire. I wanted to see or get out of the fire. I waited and listened, and presently I heard a man groan near me."

"Halloo!" says I.

"Halloo yourself," says he.

"Who be you?" says I.

"Who be you?" said he.

"A Yankee," says I.

"Well, I'm a Reb," says he.

"What's the matter?" says I.

"My leg is smashed," says he.

"Can you walk?" says I.

"No," says he.

"Can you see?" says I.

"Yes," says he.

"Well," says I, "you're a rebel, but I'll do you a little favor."

"What's that?" said he.

"My eyes are shot out," said I, "and if you'll show me the way I'll carry you out," says I.

"All right!" says he.

"Crawl over here," says I; and he did.

"Now, old Butternut," says I, "get on my back;" and he did.

"Go ahead," says he.

"Pint the way," says I, "for I can't see a blessed thing."

"Straight ahead," says he.

"The balls were a flyin' all around, and I trotted off, and we were soon out of range."

"Bully for you," says he, "but you've shook my leg nearly off."

"Now, let us go on again," says he, "kind o'slowly," and I took him up, and he did the navigatin' and I did the walkin.' After I had carried him nearly a mile, and was almost dead, he said: "Here we are; let me down." Just then a voice said: "Hallow, Billy, where did you get that Yank?"

"Where are we?" says I.

"In the rebel camp, of course," says he; and blast my buttons if that rebel hadn't ridden me a straight mile into the rebel camp. Next day McClellan's army advanced and took us both in, and then we shook hands and made it up, but it was a mean trick of him, don't you think so?"

U. S. Surgeon Recommends.

Dr. J. M. G. Pheston is a U. S. ex-surgeon, residing now at Bloomington, Ind. The Dr. writes to say: "I recommend Samaritan Nervine because it cures epilepsy." Physicians generally, are its friends.

NewspaperARCHIVE®

PERSONAL AND POLITICAL.

You may call Mr. Payne's little boom what you will; but the scent of the coal oil will hang around it still.

MR. WATTERSON is warming up to the work. He proposes to pull the Democratic party his way or break the traces.

THE rarified atmosphere of Denver has an exhilarating effect upon Slugger Sullivan. He wants to whip every barkeeper in town.

OF THE 401 members of Congress 267 are lawyers, though several of this number have practically abandoned the law for other pursuits.

SENATOR SAUNS has twenty-eight pairs of boots in his rooms at Washington, and in these days of persistent office-seekers he will probably need them.

REPRESENTATIVE THOMAS P. OCHILTREE is the first native elected from Texas to the United States Congress, and he is finding much satisfaction in the thought.

FROM one extreme to the other. Before the ink is yet dry on the message accusing the Governor of Dakota of receiving bribes another dispatch intimates that an ex-Mayor of Baltimore declines to accept a set of silver service from his former associates in office, because it does not look well.

THE Yazoo lynching party has not made a favorable impression on the country. The four negroes were already condemned to the gallows, without a trial—and perhaps they deserved that fate—but the lynching was the indecent haste of passion untrammeled by the restraints of law. There will be no rush of immigration to Yazoo.

ONLY nine of the 38 States have regular sessions of their Legislatures this winter: Massachusetts, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Maryland, Ohio, Iowa, Kentucky and Mississippi. The Kentucky Legislature met on the first Monday in December. The other law makers assemble in January. The revised statutes have, on the whole, an excellent opportunity for rest.

WEST VIRGINIA papers are saying that the need of that State is men of money, brains, energy, muscle and steadfastness, and all such are promised a hearty welcome and abundant opportunities for increasing their store of means and happiness. "We have," say they, "room for industries without number; we have lands to be cultivated of unrivaled fertility; we have mineral wealth beyond compare; we have raw material of every kind to be mined and milled; a rising generation to educate; schools to be built up; we have work for all."

IN THE House there are 35 native sons of New York, 33 of Pennsylvania, 31 of Ohio, and next comes Kentucky and Virginia with 17 each; Massachusetts and Tennessee next with 13 each; North Carolina next with 12. So it would appear that the Empire State is superceding Ohio in the business of furnishing Statesmen for the country at large. Hither to "the Ohio man" has been in the lead when the number of offices was counted. Of the entire Arkansas delegation in both Houses but a single member was born in the State. Only two of the entire Mississippi delegation are natives of that State, but she gets even by having sons in the Arkansas, Missouri and California delegations.

KENTUCKY furnishes more sons to the present Senate than any other State. Eight native Kentuckians are now members of that body; Ohio comes next with seven; while New York has six; Georgia, Tennessee, Virginia and Pennsylvania each four; Maine, Maryland, New Hampshire, New York, North Carolina, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, South Carolina, Tennessee, Vermont and Virgina have sons in the Senate. Three native of Ireland (Messrs. Jones, of Florida, Fair and Sewell), one of Scotland (Beck), and one of England (Jones, of Nevada), are Senators. Ohio furnishes two Senators for Indiana and two for Iowa, the four gentlemen representing those States having been born in the Buckeye State.

TWELVE years ago Speaker Carlisle was spoken of as "poor John Carlisle," because he had frequent bouts with John Barleycorn and was generally worsted. It is greatly to his credit that he gathered himself up, soon to books and staying at home of nights, and made a man of himself. It is something of a coincidence that ex-Speaker Randall was at one time too free with his glass, and his friends feared his utter wreck. But Mr. Randall had horse sense and a good wife, and he rose above the temptation. It is a long while since he has tasted strong drink. Mr. Carlisle also is a teetotaler. Every man can not become Speaker of the House of Representatives, but every man can "sober up" and keep sober. If one glass brings all the misery that follows he must cut off the one glass.

BROADBRIM'S NEW YORK LETTER.

NEW YORK, Jan. 7.

So here we are fairly launched on another year, and for a starter I can't say the prospects are altogether pleasant. There has not been a more wretched, miserable day since we heard the New Year's chime of 1884. A cold, drizzling rain sent a chill to hearts of the most energetic callers, and drove the people from the streets. The saloons did a land office-business on hot whiskies and egg-nogg, and all the temperance evangelists in the world could not persuade the people that pouring down whisky was not the proper way to celebrate New Year's Day. Baskets hung out everywhere to notify the hungry trampers that the occupants of the house were not receiving; but here and there an hospitable door was opened and those who braved the storm were welcomed whether they were known or not. The sudden and somewhat unexpected collapse of Mr. Villard has been the sensation of the street. Ninety days ago he was piloting lords and dukes—and dudes—to Fairy Land over the Northern Pacific. Thousands were bawling themselves hoarse for the brilliant, and eloquent young financier, who, like Midas of old, had turned everything he touched into gold. It has been a terrible shock to the street, and, as far as I can learn, there are not many who have any reason to rejoice. It is rumored that Henry Clews made a plum, but you can't believe all you hear on the street. It is not very long since Mr. Clews himself went by the board, and his paper on 'Change was worth about two cents a pound; but, by grip and perseverance, it is said he has won fortune again. If he has, he is another illustration of the truth of that homely old adage, "He wins who waits."

Our outlook in the city is not as pleasant as we could wish. The Board of Estimate has figured our expenses at thirty-five millions and a quarter of dollars, or at the rate of about three and a half dollars a head for every man, woman, and child in the city. If the expenses of the general Government were equal to the ratio of expense of the City of New York, it would reach in round numbers from sixteen to seventeen hundred millions of dollars. The question with our city officials is not to see how little they can get along with, but how much the city will stand. The budget was cut down a little over a million, but the startling fact still remains that the budget for 1884 is nearly three millions and a half more than it was in 1883. Notwithstanding the immense revenue gathered from year to year, the robbers who control our public affairs have involved the city over one hundred millions of dollars, the interest on the city debt figuring in the budget at eight millions and ninety-three thousand dollars. This, at the present rate of interest on Government bonds, would represent a debt of nearly two hundred and seventy millions of dollars. Verily, verily, we are very much in the situation of the unfortunate gentleman who went down to Jericho and fell among thieves—What do they do with all the money? Well, I don't know that I can tell you what they do with all of it, but I can account for a part.

Take a walk any fine day through the Park; take a court day or some day when the Board of Aldermen is in session. If it were not for their dress and their diamonds, you might imagine Sing Sing or Auburn had been emptied. Hands that have figured in slugging matches and cracking bank safes are finely gloved or blazing with diamond rings; noses that have been broken in the P. R. are hidden behind imperial Havanna cigars, and backs that still bear the lash for the infraction of State Prison rules are concealed beneath sealskin coats or covered by the richest fur beavers. They sow not, neither do they spin; yet, verily, I say unto you, Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like unto them. You will find them at night in the gambling hells and in the drinking saloons; and in the day, on the race course, if there happens to be a race, or, sporting their magnificent persons along Broadway, ogling every woman they pass, and no doubt speculating at the same time how they could knock her down with a sand-bag and rob her of her diamond earrings. Who are they? Well, they are the henchmen of the Aldermen and the leading politicians in control of our unfortunate city; they stuff a ballot-box, or steal it, if necessary; they can make one disfranchised criminal or one naturalized foreigner do the work of a dozen citizens at the polls, and hence their services are always in demand. This is the secret why prize fighting—the most brutal amusement known to mankind—has now become a regular passtime in our city. There are dozens of places where you can go every night, and, for ten or twenty-five cents, you can see one brute knock another out without interference by the police. Every few days the enterprising World, the moral Times and the indifferently moral Herald devote half a column of their valuable space to the disgusting details of a dog fight or a cock fight. Can the first of American journals find nothing better to lay before their readers than such miserable stuff as this? Thanks to their unholy enterprise they have given a prominence to the criminal classes of which any well-regulated community should be ashamed, and which has kept these murderous thugs cheek by jowl with the rulers of the city.

It is a pleasant thing, however, to turn from the contemplation of this unpleasant subject to the financial result of the Loan Exhibition in aid of the Bartoldi Pedestial Fund. Fifteen thousand dollars is the net result; not bad for a beginning. The Academy of Design was an unfortunate selection. As a resort it has never had the favor of the masses—that is to say, they did not know it. Then the disagreement with the Academy committee about the Sunday opening prevented an extension of the lease. It could have been kept open a month or two longer, and the receipts would have netted at least $30,000.

Col. Mapleson, of Her Majesty's Opera, is back with Patti, the divine, and wonder of wonders, Nicolini, Madame Patti's next friend, who has been under a cloud with our opera people since his arrival, scored a veritable triumph in "Aida." It was a genuine surprise, and the house for a moment seemed to have lost its head.

Edwin Booth's star is on the wane. People say, "Very fine," "Very good,' but they don't go to see him. He is a good actor, but he is not, and never was, a great actor—perfect in everything. He never had the inspiration that distinguished his father and took an audience by storm. He never has had the courage to surround himself with first-class actors, and when in one or two instances he was forced in to the experiment, he has always had occasion to regret it. To Henry Irving's honor be it said, whatever the critics may think of his individual acting, that he has never shrunk from artistic comparison with the best actors that England or America afforded, and has always filled his own theatre in London with the most talented artistes that money could secure. Mr. Booth never did this, as manager or actor, and the company supporting him to day is the very worst in the city—hence his comparative failure at the Star Theatre.

The comedy at Wallack's, "The American Wife," is a dismal failure. We may be exceedingly sorry that it is so, but the hard fact stares us in the face that all of our pronounced successes on the stage come from the other side of the water. We have the actors and actresses, but the dramatic authors are yet to come. Our foremost pulpits in the city are filled by foreigners, like Dr. Collier and Dr. Hall, and if you want the native article with any degree of excellence you have to cross the Bridge to our sister city of Brooklyn. There you will find a number of native preachers who would be hard to match in the world.

And now one word at closing about the sensation of the week, Mr. Villard. Don't take too much stock in the published reports of his ruin, sickness, bankruptcy, nor in fact anything else, you hear from Wall street. When speaking of stocks it is hard for a broker to tell the truth. These Northern Pacific stocks will be ground down until all the small bondholders are shaken out, reports of all sorts will fill the air for weeks to come, and then when the big fish have got back their stocks again for about one-tenth of what they sold them for, you will hear that the Northern Pacific has a great future befor it, and that its earnings are twice its expenses—and up she will go again. Don't touch it—there is no chance on the street for outsiders. If you have any money, bury it in a stocking or invest it in Government one-and-one-half per cents., or send it to me—but don't go near Wall street.

Yours truly,
BROADBRIM.

GOV. ORDWAY, of Dakota, is in difficulty. He is accused of selling the appointments of Commissioners of newly organized counties. Specifically, he is charged with appointing Commissioners for Potter county with out regard to the wishes of the people thereof, and receiving for his services $5,000. These Commissioners were interested in the location of the county seat where they had considerable landed interests, and were willing to pay handsomely.

TRY a bottle of Brown's Elixir for your cold or cough. Every bottle warranted. Sold by M. W. McNaughton & Co.

Prohibition in Maine.

Mr. D. R. Locke, who has been looking into prohibition in Maine, dives into history back to the time when Portland had a population of 30,000 and 400 liquor saloons, and Neal Dow was Mayor. He had made a fortune as a tanner, and was bent on ridding Maine of the rule of rum. He went to Augusta and fought through his Maine liquor law. Then as Mayor of Portland he published his proclamation. The liquor dealers laughed at him. A law so sweeping in its provisions could never be enforced in Maine, and they did not propose to pay any attention to it. They went right along buying and selling, just the same as though there had been no law passed, and no Neal Dow to see to its enforcement.

The date fixed for the removal of the liquor arrived, and found the business in the same condition as when the proclamation was issued. They did not believe that he dare attempt the execution of the law. They did not know the man. Promptly at the time he moved, not upon the small and obscure doggeries, but upon the largest and most influential concern of the city, a vast wholesale grocery and liquor house. It must be understood that at that time groceries and liquor were inseperable. The wholesale grocery houses were all liquor houses, and 90 per cent of their trade and by far the most profitable end of it was liquor. He deliberately seized their entire stock of liquors, and, under the law, burst in the heads of the barrels, and emptied them all into the gutter. That gutter never carried away so costly a flood, or one that wrought more good for the people. It was never before so useful a gutter. It had been built to carry to the great purifier—the sea—the filth of the city. It carried more death to the harbor that morning than it ever had before. It was a good one for Portland, and a very bad one for the fish.

The trade was astonished at this bold action. Another, and another, of the great houses were attacked, and in all cases with the same result. And when the leviathans were exhausted the minnows were gobbled up. He moved upon the small bars and the small groceries, just the same as he had upon the great ones, and in a week he had shown the liquor dealers that there was vitality in the law, and that it could be executed.

An Infant who Smokes

Springfield, this State, rejoices in a curiosity in the shape of a little boy four years of age, who has been a confirmed smoker, according to the testimony of his parents and their neighbors, since he was fourteen months old. He is the son of a well-known saloonist, and when only a babe in arms was offered a cigar in sport by one of his father's customers. To the surprise of every one, he seized and smoked it to the very end, continuing after that time to cry for cigars as other children cry for candy. He finally reached twenty cigars a day, and would cry bitterly if he was denied any part of his allowance. A physician was consulted, who said he could find no evil results from the habit, and so allowed him to continue. Under this permission the boy has continued to smoke everything—pipes, cigars, cigarettes. Next month he will have reached the advanced age of four years, and the spectacle of this fat little baby boy in kilt skirts, pulling away on a black, strong cigar, with the air of a man of fifty, is said to "attract unbounded amusement and admiration from the patrons of his father's saloon." The announcement is made that he never drinks wine or beer. Doctors declare that all his functions are in a normal condition. All these statements are vouched for as true. If they are so, this infant phenomenon of real life is more horrible than any ever dreamed of in fiction.

Business Failures.

According to the report of R. G. Dun & Co the number of business failures in the United States and the amount of liabilities were far greater in 1883 than in any year since 1878. The failures during the year just closed number 9,184, which is an increase of 2,446, or thirty-six per cent, over those of 1882. The aggregate liabilities of 1883 amounted to nearly $173,000,000, or upward of $70,000,000 more than those for the preceding year. The steady and rapid increase in the number and amount of failures since 1880 is shown by the following figures:

Year.	Failures.	Liabilities.
1880	4,735	$65,752,000
1881	5,582	81,155,932
1882	6,738	101,547,939
1883	9,184	172,874,174

But while this is not a healthy condition of business affairs, it is less than the aggregate failures in 1878, when they reached over two hundred millions. There are many reasons assigned, but that given by the New York Herald appears the most plausible—over production.

The Florida Everglades Explored.

Mention was made early in the autumn of an expedition sent out by the New Orleans Times-Democrat, for the exploration of the Everglades of Florida. The expedition has finished its labors, and Major A. P. Williams, the historian of the party, has just published in the Times-Democrat an extended account of the same, from which the subjoined is condensed:

The exploring party consisted of 12 persons, six whites and six colored, and carried six racine canoes. They went by steamer October 17 last from Cedar Keys to Punta Rossa, Fla., where they took to the canals, proceeded up the Caloosahatchie river to Lake Okeechobee, a distance of about ninety miles, arriving there on November 1. Skirting the western and southern shores of Okeechobee, they discovered eight large streams flowing into a dense saw grass swamp that borders the everglades.

Entering one of the streams, which they named the "Times-Democrat," the expedition proceeded to its head and began the tedious work of cutting their way through the swamp to the saw grass. The denseness of this swamp can be imagined from the fact that the party traveled on an average of only a quarter of a mile a day. Myriads of huge alligators, snakes, leeches and poison bugs were encountered. The leeches were especially troublesome, covering the legs of the men. Emerging from the swamp the party entered the saw grass, which grows from ten to twelve feet high, very dense, with sharp edges that cut one way and saw the other. This grass the party fired and pushed forward over the stubbles. After traveling due south some ten miles the party struck innumerable small, deep lakes or fiords filled with alligators and fresh fish.

About thirty miles from Okeechobee the party entered the grassy waters of the Everglades and encamped on the island, the first dry land encountered after leaving the lake. The only trees on the island are custard, apple and wild fig. The progress of the expedition thenceforth was more rapid. They passed through thousands of small islands, some slightly submerged, and all covered with large trees and luxuriant foliage. No Indians were encountered. The head of Sharks river was reached on the 5th of December, the expedition sailing down, debouched into Whitewater Bay, on the Gulf coast, about thirty miles from Cape Sable. The distance traveled from Okeechobee to the gulf is about one hundred and forty miles, and the whole distance in the canals nearly three hundred.

The expedition established the fact that the everglades from Okeechobee to Cape Sable are worthless for any purpose of cultivation; that they contain no large tracts of land above water; that they cannot be successfully drained, and that the establishment and maintainance of a telegraph line along the route traversed would be impossible. The everglades, and especially the northern glades, are a vast swamp, irreclaimable and useless for any purpose. The only cultivatible portions on the southern peninsula lie on the Atlantic and Gulf coasts with this vast morass between them.

Some personal experience is related thus:

We are not afraid of snakes; we deny with scorn such a charge. On the contrary, it is really a pleasant sensation to feel on a hot night a cool, smooth, slick body gliding noiselessly over our bare feet, or hear a musical and gentle hiss as we put our hand out from under our mosquitto bar to feel around for our pipe and touch something that is not our pipe. Such little incidents enliven us as well as everybody else, and considerably assist us in making life bearable. Still, we prefer sleeping in our canoes. We are disturbed a little during the night by the bellowing of alligators, and occasionally by one swimming back and forth under our boat."

THE Commissioner of Pensions is reported to have forbidden his clerks to visit gambling houses, or to appear on the streets in an intoxicated condition. This high-handed attack on the relaxations of the Washington office-holder is causing much indignation. If the pursuit of happiness on the part of clerks in the way of bucking the tiger and working off their superfluous drinks on the street is to be curtailed in this despotic manner, the question comes up, whether this is a free country or an effete tyranny? The office-holders from the Sunny South are ready to raise the standard of revolt whenever their gambling or drinking privileges are curtailed.

FITTED out for the season. Dresses, cloaks, coats, stockings and all garments can be colored succesfully with the Diamond Dyes. Fashionable colors. Only 10c. at druggists. Wells Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt.

ARMOUR & Co., of Chicago, slaughtered 1,020,000 hogs and 251,000 cattle last year.

A General Pension Bill.

Congressman D. B. Henderson, of Iowa, has prepared a bill for the general pensioning of soldiers of the late war and others. His proposition is to give a pension to every soldier who served for six months in any war in the United States, provided he is now pensionable for disability. He desires to make it an inevitable presumption in favor of the veteran who a competent examing board of surgeons will certify is suffering from some physical disability incurred in the line of duty, and as a direct consequence of his military service, and that he was in the army for six months. He would have the rating made without reference to rank, in accordance with regulations by the Commissioner of Pensions, but to depend entirely upon the character and extent of the disability. For the same disability the honorably discharged soldier who had served six months in the war, under Henderson's proposition, would receive exactly the same pensions as a Brigadier General.

Another feature of a different character is incorporated in the bill. Every man who served six months in any army of the United States and was honorably discharged, who has reached the age of sixty-five years, independent of any disability, is given a pension, provided he is in indigent circumstances, and actually needs the pension. Colonel Henderson says that he thinks this would do justice in thousands of cases where, owing to the lapse of time, proof cannot be established. He thinks it is not going too far to presume that the man who has been in the army, if there is anything of a serious nature the matter with him now, may trace its cause to his military service. Further, this law would have a tendency to settle all these long pending cases and enable the Commissioner of Pensions to finish his work, and discharge most of the vast clerical force now necessary in the management of the Pension Office.

The Crop Prospects for 1884

The recent snowfalls over the northern sections of the country have generally improved the agricultural prospects for 1884. Every winter the fall-sown wheat has to contend with intense cold, which strikes at its roots if unprotected by snow. Judging by the reports of the snowfall at isolated points, the amount of "winter-killed" wheat this year will be smaller than it usually is.

The weather reports from the West and Northwest say that snow has fallen and laid on since late in November, while in the more Southern parts of the country and on the Atlantic coast no temperature has been experienced that will injure the wheat.

The flood of the past week in the Ohio may cause local losses to agricultural communities, but it will not unfavorably affect the yield of next summer's crops; and by carrying off a large part of the winter's snow and ice it may prevent a recurrence in the spring of the big flood which last year so seriously affected all farming interests in the central river valleys.

The past year has been most disastrous to the agriculture of the entire country by its severe winter and late cold spring, its devastating floods and its fearful tornadoes and wind storms which ravaged the fields when white for harvest. But with its departure, which American farmers will not regret, it leaves some omens of a more favorable season than that with which it came in.

American Porkers Abroad.

German and French legislation against American hog products seemed at one time to seriously threaten one of our three most important articles of export. From the Treasury Department's statement of exports, however, it appears that the laws, based on an artificial scare, devised in the interest of certain European hog raisers, have had the effect of a first class advertisement, for during the first ten months of 1883 (statistics for the last two months being not yet obtainable) we sent abroad bacon, hams and other pork to the amount of forty-one million dollars, against a little more than thirty-five millions in the corresponding months of 1882.

Perhaps if some foreign Power would legislate against American whisky the effect might be equally beneficial to our export trade and keep the distillers from trying to bribe Congress to give them relief.

THE financial affairs of Kalakaua seem to be in bad order. Having indulged in a coronation and other expensive amusements, the task of paying for them seems to be beyond his power. Borrowing $1,000,000 was an obvious resort, but there has been a hitch in the negotiations and it is probable that the Sandwich Islands monarchy will have to go into bankruptcy. Kalakaua can comfort himself with the thought that in the inability to pay his debts, he is only following the example of much greater kings.

The Cheapest Thing in Arizona.

A jury at Tucson, Arizona, recently found a man guilty of murder in the second degree, and recommended him to the mercy of the court. But Judge Sheldon in passing sentence said: "Moyer, the cheapest thing in Arizona to-day is human life, and so long as men of your character are allowed to go unrestrained and unpunished it will be held at its present low estimate. It is a misnomer, however, in this case, to call it murder—it was a cold-blooded, cowardly assassination, and in the manner of its conception and execution would have done credit to a Russian Nihilist or an Apache Indian. It is a misconception of the legal definition of the word to term you a murderer. You are a dastardly assassin in the eyes of the law, and if there was a provision in the statutes of this Territory regarding assassination you should have been indicted and tried for that crime." Judge Sheldon then sentenced him to the Yuma prison for life.

ANANDIBAI JOSHEE, a Hindu woman of the highest Brahminical caste, is a student in the Woman's Medical College of Pennsylvania. The mark indicative of her rank in life is on her forehead. She is said to be the first Brahmin woman who ever left India. One of the principal articles in the Brahminical faith strictly enjoins that no Brahmin shall cross the ocean. She is scarcely five feet in height, and although quite plump, is graceful in her motions. In order to keep her caste while here she must live by herself, prepare her own food, wear the native costume, and rigidly observe certain religious rites. If she is faithful in these things, when she returns to India there will be a meeting of the principal Brahmins, who will hear her confessions, and then absolve her from her transgressions. She is highly educated, and a remarkable linguist, speaking seven languages fluently, among them Sanskrit. She was asked if she had any difficulty in acquiring English. "Oh, no," she replied, "it was very easy after Sanskrit. My husband taught me. I studied English five years with him, but I did not speak it at all until I went on board ship." She speaks so well that it is difficult to believe this, and she writes better than she speaks.

SO LONG as showers of live fish fell only upon isolated communities in this country there was a disposition to explain the phenomenon in a manner not at all gratifying to persons who claimed to have beheld it. But now appears that grave and veracious journal The Edinburgh Scotman, with the declaration that on December 15 a school of perch descended in a heavy shower of rain upon the employes of the New Caledonian Railway Works Airdrie. Moreover, the men gathered this unexpected supply of manna and took it home. With the exception of the Monkland Canal there is no water nearer to Airdrie than the reservoir at Caldercruix, which is stocked with perch and which feeds the canal.

THE course of affairs in Egypt seems likely to bring that unfortunate country permanently under English rule. At least it must be managed by the British Government for a long time, and there is little in the character of the native Egyptian to encourage the belief that a native Government will ever be able to stand alone. The annexation of Egypt has been steadily demanded by the English Conservatives since the end of Arabi's rebellion; but the probable realization of their wishes will hardly give them deep satisfaction. It diminishes by one the number of their grievances against Mr. Gladstone's Ministry.

AT BELLEVILLE, Ills., the Convent of the Immaculate Conception was destroyed by fire Sunday. Escape from the building was cut off very soon after the fire was discovered. There were sixty pupils and several teachers in the building. Twenty-seven perished—twenty two girls from ten years old to young womanhood, and five teachers Many of the bodies removed from the debris were recognizable only by bits of clothing. Throngs of people had gathered outside, but there were no ladders and nothing was done for the suffocating inmates. Some of them jumped from high windows and were badly injured. The Convent was entirely destroyed.

IT is the ambition of San Francisco to have a world's fair, and her capitalists and business men have held a meeting to arrange the preliminaries. This appears to have been harmonious and enthusiastic, and it is stated that a guarantee fund of a million dollars was determined upon. No less than three hundred millions are said to have been represented on this occasion, and the implication evidently is, that if the possession of practically unbounded wealth will compass the end sought, it will be attained.

SOME idea of the growth of this country may be gathered from the postal statistics just published in Washington. In the year 1789 there were 75 post offices and 2,275 miles of postal routs. The revenue of the department was $7,510, and the expenditure $7,560. The amount paid for transportation was $5,568. The population of the United States at that time was 3,929,214. The figures for 1882 give the number of offices at 46,231; extent in miles, 343,618; revenue, $41,883,005; expenditure, $40,482,021; paid for transportation, $22,846,112; postage stamps, etc., issued, 40,978,053; money orders, 153,400,118; letters received in dead-letter office, 4,285,285; population, 50,155,783

THE attention of our readers is respectfully called to the advertisement, in another column, of D. M. Ferry & Co, Detroit, Mich., the celebrated seedsmen. They do the largest business in their line in the United States; raise the bulk of their seed on their own farms, by the most approved methods, and have gained a world-wide reputation for the quality and variety of seed they put upon the market and their integrity in filling all orders entrusted to them. Their beautiful Seed Annual for 1884, sent free to all who apply for it, will be found of practical value to all who desire to purchase seed true to name.

A RESIDENT of the Wabash Valley traveling in California was astonished when he first saw corn thriving in the dry and seemingly barren soil of Los Angeles county; but the farmers explained that beneath these corn fields is the subterranean outlet of some stream, and that they are watered from below. By digging dow ten or twelve feet almost anywhere over the bed you will find the river, which reappears on the surface again in two different beds some miles further down and then again sinks beneath the surface.

MR. LLOYD LOGAN, of Winchester, Va., received by express from Cincinnati, on the day after Christmas, eight silver desert spoons which were taken from his house while occupied as a Union headquarters during the war. No name accompanied the package, and so Mr. Logan does not know to whom to feel grateful for this tardy return of these souvenirs, which have been owned by the family since 1831.

A TRAMP who had been given a hearty meal in Nathan Taylor's house in one of the deep cuts at Turkey Hill, Pa., hurried back breathless half an hour later and gave the family warning of a terrible snowslide that was moving down the hill behind their home. A few valuables were taken out just before the avalanche with a mighty roar swept over the house.

CHINESE slavery in American cities is not, the San Francisco Chronicle says, a new discovery made by the lady who recently addressed the Eastern press. It exists in that city in an exaggerated form, and even the courts are powerless in their efforts to draw out the truth. The slaves dare not tell it.

THE excessive cold and snows blockaded stock trains on nearly all the roads leading into Chicago. Fifty cattle on a Wabash train, which was stalled for two days, were found dead. One-tenth of the hogs received at the stock yards were found dead. Much of the stock in transit from the Northwest perished.

DR. EDWARD LASKER, a famous German Statesman, who has been in this country since last June, died in New York Saturday last. He was a bachelor, and fifty four years old. Death resulted from heart disease. He was of Jewish parentage, a lawyer, a great scholar, and one among the foremost men of Germany.

A PROMINENT citizen of Athens, Ga., has kept a record of all the slaves his family owned, and is confident that some day he or his descendants will receive pay for them from the Government.

MRS. B. F. DENNISON, wife of Judge Dennison, of Vancouver, Washington Territory, has been appointed Notary Public, and is the first woman to hold the position in that Territory.

RETALIATORY legislation against Germany and France will receive attention in Congress. Browne, of Indiana, has a bill prepared which gives the President power to suspend the importation of woollen goods from Germany or wine from France.

COLONEL RATHBONE's physicians are of opinion the patient will recover physically from his wounds, but believe it will be necessary to send him to an asylum.

THE Washington Monument is said to be only one-sixty-fourth of an inch out of plumb.

NEWSPAPER ARCHIVE®
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The Coshocton Age

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

—BY—

J. F. MEEK.

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This paper will not be sent to subscribers outside of the county unless paid for in advance.

AS TO CIRCULATION.

Affidavits Concerning the Circulation of The Coshocton Age.

AFFIDAVIT OF THE PUBLISHER.

County of Coshocton, town of Coshocton, State of Ohio: Jasper F. Meek, of the county of Coshocton, town of Coshocton, State of Ohio, being duly sworn, says that he is the sole proprietor of THE COSHOCTON AGE, a newspaper printed and published in the said town of Coshocton, and that the present circulation of THE COSHOCTON AGE is two thousand five hundred (2,500).

JASPER F. MEEK.

Sworn to before me this 1st day of January, 1884.

J. S. ELLIOTT, Notary Public.

AFFIDAVIT OF THE PRESSMAN.

County of Coshocton, town of Coshocton, State of Ohio: George W. Wolfe, of the town and county of Coshocton, being duly sworn, deposes and says that he is pressman in the office of THE COSHOCTON AGE, and that he is now printing two hundred and ten quires of white paper for the double sheet, or a total of two thousand five hundred and twenty complete papers.

GEO. W. WOLFE.

Sworn to before me this 1st day, of January, 1884.

J. S. ELLIOTT, Notary Public.

WOOD county is said to have the greatest delinquent tax list in the State.

THE terms of 14 Democratic and 11 Republican Senators will expire on the 3rd of March next.

THERE are thirteen persons in the Hamilton county jail charged with murder in the first degree.

NEVER again let the Democracy of Ohio in convention assembled resolve in favor of Civil Service reform.

IN 1882 there were 11,591 miles of railroad built in the United States. Last year there were only 6,608 miles.

WITH a public sentiment to enforce existing temperance laws there need not be a saloon in Coshocton county.

ONE million seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars is the amount yielded by the Scott law in the several counties of the State.

THERE were three hundred and nineteen business failures last week, the largest ever reported in one week in the United States.

The Enquirer says, "Mr. Bargar is a man of few words." Great Scotts! He can out talk any old women's quilting society in the land.

THE Delaware Gazette, one of the oldest papers in the State, has adopted the quarto form and cuts and pastes. It is a neat and good paper.

PENNSYLVANIA Democrats are figuring to make believe their party favor protection, with hopes of placing that State in the Democratic column.

NAIL factories and glass houses in Eastern Ohio and Western Pennsylvania are generally closed and the outlook is gloomy. Over production.

THE Mormons rejoiced over the death of Congressman Haskill, and declared it was a judgment sent upon him because of his opposition to Mormonism.

WHAT portion of his constituents did Mr. Bargar represent when he voted against Pendleton and in favor of the Standard Oil monopoly? Will he rise up and tell?

THE Morrow County Sentinel knows a good thing when it sees it, and its italic case has got so low it can not give credit. O, no, no apologies; you are welcome.

MARYLAND'S marriage laws are the loosest of any of the States. Boys and girls of 12 can marry and the contract is binding, and relationship is not a bar thereto.

THE circulation of THE COSHOCTON AGE last week was two thousand five hundred and sixteen, and new names added this week necessitate the printing of two thousand five hundred and sixty-eight complete papers.

Defeat the Conspiracy.

For the first time in the history of the State has her fair name been smirched in the choice of a United States Senator.

Never before in her history were her Legislators "bought like sheep in the shambles."

Never before did a grasping monopoly openly and flagrantly buy and corrupt the chosen representatives of the people.

And even now their damnable conspiracy will fail of its desired result if the Republican members of the Legislature throw off their partisanism and unite with the honest and patriotic Democrats, who are opposed to the shameful and corrupt use of monopoly money, upon Geo. H. Pendleton or Durbin Ward and defeat the efforts of the corruptionists and monopolists.

The good name of the State is at stake. The political preference of Republicans can have no weight; the casting of a vote for a Republican will be a compliment that is an empty honor, and if there are Democrats in the Legislature who are patriotic enough to desire to rebuke the "bargain and sale," it is a duty, the Republican members owe themselves and the people, to aid therein

THE crazy quilt of journalism is represented by the Pittsburg Daily Dispatch, in the columns of which is to be found a greater variety than in any daily paper in this part of the mundane sphere. It is an eight page seven column paper, printed from good clear type, and nothing in which the people are interested or would be benefited in learning escapes it. Its editorial ability is not excelled, and a spirit of independence runs through it that is refreshing in these times of political venality and disposition of party organs to wear the brass collar of corrupt politicians. A circular from the proprietors announce that an exchange will be maintained with THE AGE for another year, and in this THE AGE is both gratified and flattered, because we could not get along without the Dispatch, and are pleased to know that they want THE AGE. The Dispatch is publish 365 days in the year, and this year will be published 366 days.

GOV. HOADLY's staff has been made public, and is as follows: Private Secretary, Dan McConville, of Steubenville; Executive Clerk, Fred Green, of Cleveland; Adjutant General, E. B. Finley, of Bucyrus; Assistant Adjutant General, C. T. Dill, of Richland county; Quartermaster General, Michael Ryan, of Cincinnati; Judge Advocate General, C. M. Anderson, of Greenville; Aide-de-camp, with the title of Colonel, Edward W. Courtwright, of Circleville, and Samuel H. Church, of Columbus. Notwithstanding the great Mogul of the recent campaign hails from Coshocton, this county has been left in both the organization of the Assembly, and in the make up of the Governor's staff.

THE Coshocton Democrat this week copies, approvingly, from the New York Herald thus:

"The Republican party has lost the initiative. It has been too long in power, and has ceased to serve the people. Its alliance is with capitalists and monopolists; its friends are no longer the people but a few rich men who have fattened on the privileges it has granted them and who hunger for more."

And before the ink was fairly dry that printed it, the Democratic members of the Ohio Legislature nominated for Senator a man who is a direct representative of one of the most shameful and hardened monopolies in the country, and the charge is openly made in Democratic journals of good standing that the result was achieved through bribery.

THE Wooster Jacksonian says "Not one Democrat in a thousand in Ohio endorses Pendleton's Civil Service law;" yet for many successive years the Democrats of Ohio have been endorsing platforms that demanded exactly what the Pendleton bill provides for. The fact of the matter is, the honest mass of the party—the yeomen Democracy—do endorse Mr. Pendleton and his bill, but the corruptionists and trading, huxtering and double-dealing politicians and their sycophantic worshipers are denouncing the Civil Service law because they are opposed to an honorable fulfillment of the duties of the Government, and want it turned over to a band of leeches like themselves.

CONGRESS re-convened Monday with less than two-thirds of the members present. They will now get down to business, and devote themselves to making campaign capital for the Presidential election. In the meantime the dear people can take care of themselves, all of which they are abundantly able to do.

THE Cleveland Women's Christian Temperance Union propose to get a number of signers to a petition to be presented to each of the National Conventions this year, asking the insertion of a prohibition plank in their platform. If these same meddlesome creatures would devote their time and talents to the enforcement of present temperance laws and the manufacture of public sentiment instead of dabbling in politics and grasping after the impossible, they would accomplish much more for the temperance cause. Of course a prohibition plank will not be inserted in either platform this year, because there are not enough of the States ready for it yet.

IN the past THE AGE has contained a good many rock-ribbed truths about Mr. Bargar. and some few slip-shod Republicans and a good many Democrats were disposed to dispute them; but now that Col. Taylor, the simon pure Democratic correspondent of the Cincinnati News Journal, which represents the quintessence of old hickory Democracy, has unfolded a few chapters, the double-dealing heretofore exposed is as a tallow dip to an electric light. Mr. Bargar should go out and poison himself, or go back to Blackstone. The News-Journal matter appears on this page.

BARTON'S FREE PRESS, published at Carbondale, Ills., by John Barton, an old Coshocton boy, takes off the Democratic-saloon situation thus:

The Ohio saloon keepers have resolved that the Scott law is unconstitutional, and demand its repeal by the present Legislature. The courts have not so decided, and it has already placed a round two million dollars in the Treasuries of the State, and it is for this reason popular with tax payers. But the Legislature was elected by the saloon interest, and is expected to carry out their pledges, and the Democracy find themselves in a tight place. This, is not, however, an unusual condition.

THERE are 46,000 wool growers in Ohio, and Congressman Converse declares they will control the next election, and to that end wants the tariff restored on wool. But Frank Hurd, that pure and patriotic symbol of Democracy, as diligently labors to have it put on the free list. Verily there in not harmony among the Democratic representatives at Washington. All the Representatives from Ohio favor the bill restoring the tariff, except Hurd.

J. WEAVER MURPHY was a candidate for a clerkship in the House, but he did not "get there." It was rumored at first that he was downed by a "gentleman of color," a renegade Republican, who was given a clerkship, but it is since learned that Weaver did not want the position awarded the negro. We are glad for the credit of the latter that the report first set afloat was not true. The poor darkey, now disgraced, would have been doubly defiled.

IT is given out from Washington that the Ohio Legislature will redistrict the State for Congressional purposes. It is the intention to so form the districts that the Democrats will elect two-thirds of the delegation. This district is to lose one of its strong Democratic counties to aid in the formation of a new Democratic district, and will have a strong Republican county tacked on—probably Guernsey, so its majority can be of no use.

IT cost $55,000 to print the pension list, and the result has been the unearthing of but one fraud—that of a woman who received a pension in Ohio as a widow, and in Kentucky as a dependent mother. Her pension has been discontinued, and will be resumed so soon as the excess received has been balanced. Two hundred complaints of fraud have been received at the pension office but they were not well founded.

HON. JERE MURPHY, of Iowa, has introduced a resolution in the National House of Representatives, which declares that Congress has no power to legislate upon the liquor question other than to levy the internal tax; that it is a question to be decided by State and municipal government. The resolution has been referred to the committee upon alcoholic liquors. The doctrine of the resolution is probably correct in view of the recent decision on the Civil Rights bill.

PUT this and that together, and form your own conclusion: At the last Legislative session a resolution was introduced to investigate the Standard Oil Company, and Mr. Bargar spoke earnestly against it, and backed up his speech with his vote. Now he is a blatent supporter of Payne, the Standard Oil Company candidate for Senator.

EVEN the saintly, soft-soap Senator Crowell comes in for a dab from the Democratic News-Journal, thus:

"A number of prominent gentlemen from the Eighteeth and Nineteenth Senatorial Districts unite in saying that Senator Crowell misrepresents four-fifths of his constituents. Of the four Democratic Representatives in the district, Crites, of Tuscarawas, Finley, of Noble, and Hamilton, of Monroe, are all for Pendleton, while the fourth Democrat—Bargar—is misrepresenting his people and in favor of the Standard gang. All the Democratic organs of the district support Pendleton, except the Coshocton Democrat, which does not desire to antagonize Bargar, but even it does not support Payne."

We had hoped for better than this from Mr. Crowell, whe is nothing if not guileless, and in this, we suspect, is found the cause for his fall. In his sweet-scented innocence he fell among the strikers and thugs that drink from the head of a Standard oil barrel, and was seduced. Sad, it is indeed.

MR. BARGAR has coquetted for the Speakership ever since the election, but was sat down upon. He saw the hand writing on the wall, but kept up appearances by declaring that "if the Democracy in their wisdom" saw fit to select him, he would serve. But the Democracy in their wisdow saw fit to ignore him. The crushing character of this rebuke to his coquettish action is effectual and satisfactory to the honest Democracy, who are opposed to double dealing, such as has been practiced by the late Chairman of the State Committee.

WHEN Hon. Beriah Wilkins received the nomination for Congress in this district, there were many who were disappointed and openly disapproved of the same. Especially was this true of Mr. Bargar's friends, of whom they were legion in this county. Now these same friends are congratulating themselves upon their escape, and will throw up their hats for Wilkins in the next convention. They were not taught the benefits of Standard oil in their political catechism.

SIX hundred and seventy bills were introduced in the House at Washington Monday, and not one is of general interest. Congress devotes most of its time to log rolling through private affairs and the State Legislatures go diligently on in the pursuit of duties that could be performed by County Commissioners and township Trustees; and yet this is the land of the free and the home of the office seeker, and is a great American Republic. Let the eagle scream.

IF the Republican members of the Legislature will divest themselves of partisanism and rise in their patriotic might, unite with the friends of Pendleton and return the latter to the Senate, they will be doing themselves, their party and the State a service. Such shameless corruption as has been practiced in the choice of Mr. Payne should be rebuked,

THE Senatorial question out of the way, the Legislature is free to tackle the temperance question, and it will be watched with equally as much interest as the tussel with standard oil. It may be, however, that the oil was more soothing to harrowed Democratic souls than the jamboree with John Barleycorn will prove.

GOV. FOSTER is getting in his pardon work before stepping down and out. Two life prisoners were pardoned Monday—Alonzo Neely, of Allen county, sent up in 1876, and Andrew M. Clemens, of Darke county, sentenced in March, 1883; and Peter Cole, a fifteen year man, from Henry county, received his freedom.

THE raid of the False Prophet in Egypt has cut off the supply of gum Arabic, and confectioners say there will be an increase in the price of candy. But so long as white earth and New Orleans molasses exist, the American candy makers will contrive to turn out the "pure" article.

SIMON CAMERON, the old political sage, who advised Conkling and his satellites to get on the Republican ship in 1880 or they would be badly left, is out in an interview and says the Republicans will make a clean sweep this year. Simon, as history will demonstrate, is generally level-headed on political prognostications.

IF it cost the Payne cohorts such vast sums of money to defeat Mr. Pendleton, the question arises, just how much did they expend? Another interesting thing to know would be whether or not any of it reached Coshocton county.

THE Republicans have decided to introduce a bill in the Legislature at once providing for the same as the late National law known as the Civil Rights Bill. There will be no opposition to its passage, it is claimed.

AN entire passenger train was burned at New Albany, Ind., the other night, resulting from a defective heater. In another half hour the train would have been under headway loaded with passengers, and the result under such circumstances would have been terrible. It makes one shudder to think of it.

IF bribery and corruption ran rampant in the interests of Payne, the monopoly candidate for Senator, it is the duty of the Legislature to order an investigation and for the Franklin county Grand Jury to swing their little hatchet.

Poor old Durbin Ward! Again put off with a lick and a promise. The Legislature proposes to fix up a district that will send Durbin to Congress; but about the time the district is fixed some fellow with a bar'l will come along and snaffle up the nomination.

THE Converse bill to restore the tariff on wool is meeting with considerable opposition. It will not be called up until the first Monday in February. In the meantime Frank Hurd will put in his best licks to have wool put on the free list.

VIEWED through the bunghole of a Standard oil barrel, Civil Service reform, as advocated from the stump by Democratic orators, is a "damned barren ideality." Shades of the mighty Allen protect us.

SENATOR CROWELL declares he could not vote for Pendleton because he was not a war Democrat. But how will his constituents who were safely ensconsed behind the breastworks at Napoleon regard this?

CHARGES of bribery were openly made in the columns of Democratic newspapers during the pendency of the Senatorial squabble. Will they be passed lightly by?

STANDARD oil and a plethoric pocket book won the day.

NEIGHBORHOOD NOTES.

REV. JAMES L. CHENEY has been installed pastor of the Fifth street Baptist church at Newark.

MR. MARK LOWDEN, of Zanesville, a prominent citizen and a Knight Templar, is dead, his funeral having been last Saturday.

AN agricultural society has been organized in Holmes county, and a ten years' lease of the Millersburg fair grounds secured.

THE Bellaire, Zanesville & Cincinnati shops will be located at Zanesville, providing a donation of $5,000 is made. It will be raised.

JOHN GREEN, of Steubenville, grieved so over the death of his wife that he attempted suicide by shooting himself in the abdomen. He will recover.

MICHAEL CUMMINGS, a carpenter on the C. & E. Railway, committed suicide at Uniontown, Muskingum county, by taking morphine. Financial troubles.

THE Guernsey County Commissioners to guard against burglars have added to the safe in the treasurer's office, in addition to the time lock, a Holmes electric lock.

ZANESVILLE has a baby one year and two months old, which weighed six pounds at its birth and still weighs just that much and no more. It appears to enjoy good health.

THE engineer whose engine killed Wm. Norris at Cambridge, last week, has been credited with fifteen like accidents, all of which resulted in death. His name is David Campbell.

JAMES SPAULDING, a brakeman on the Cleveland, Tuscarawas Valley & Wheeling Railway, had his leg and foot badly crushed at New Philadelphia, while making a coupling.

A PASSENGER train at Newark dashed along without warning and struck a horse attached to a delivery wagon, on a crossing, killing it instantly. The driver was thrown a considerable distance but escaped.

THE clothing of Mrs. Mary Ruge of Zanesville, became ignited the other day and death would have resulted no doubt, but for the assistance of her son. He was badly burned in removing the clothing from his mother.

JAMES HAUN, under sentence to the penitentiary for three years in Guernsey county, went over to Wolfe's Station, New Years day, with the Sheriff to attend to pressing business before being incarcerated, and while there escaped.

FIVE eclipses, three of the sun and two of the moon, are announced for 1884, but as usual some other part of the world gets the fun of seeing the best part of the show and Ohio is left out in the cold. However, two trifling eclipses of the moon, occurring April 10, morning, and October 19, evening, will be visible here.—Guernsey Times.

MR. L. MADDEN, residing a few miles from Fairview, Guernsey county, met with a serious accident Friday, which may prove fatal. He was going down stairs and suddenly took sick and fell headlong to the bottom, with such violence that he broke a door open he fell against. He ruptured a blood vessel in his neck, and it is feared he received other injuries which might prove fatal.

A STRANGE creature lives in Mahoning county. For 30 years he has lived alone, tolerating no acquaintanceship and speaking to no one except when necessity demands. His hut is destitute of furniture, and the utensils with which he cooks his food are of the most primitive character. He sleeps upon a couch made of boughs, covered with buffalo robes. He is worth $40,000 and owns stock in two National banks in Youngstown. Nothing is known of his past life.

AGAIN the efficiency of the Scott law is illustrated by the result in Caldwell, Noble county. A telegram to a daily newspaper says: "The rigid enforcement of the Scott liquor law by Judge Frazier is backed up by the temperance people of this vicinity. By an agreement between the latter and John Harris and Charles Remps, the saloonists of this place have agreed to quit business. Harris is to cease January 12th; Remps, January 31st, the temperance people agreeing to protect them against any unjust prosecution. This entirely wipes out the traffic in this place, and the temperance people are happy."

Democratic Testimony As to Mr. Bargar's Political Honor(?)

The Cincinnati News Journal is recognized as *the* exponent of pure Democracy. It was established for the sole purpose of preaching Democracy pure and simple; and so successful has it been that the old line Democrats aware by it. In fact it is as Democratic as "old Hickory" himself, and therefore what it says about members of its own party can be relied upon. Last Monday it published in its Columbus letter, a chapter of Mr. Bargar's record that is of peculiar interest, verifying as it does, the stand all the time taken by THE AGE, that the gentleman in question is a double dealer and can not be relied upon. The author of the subjoined is Col. W. A. Taylor, a "rock ribbed and ancient" Democrat. He says: "The convincing and documentary proofs of the damnable Standard Oil Conspiracy to corrupt the Democratic party and buy the United States Senatorship, came to light at a late hour to-night and places Mr. G H. Bargar in a light that will make him squirm and wriggle and call for the political mountains to fall upon him. The following letter, copies of which were sent to the Democratic candidates for the legislature of twenty-four counties, will explain itself:

COLUMBUS, OHIO, Oct. 18, 1883.—Dear Sir: I inclose you New York draft for ——, to assist in paying your campaign expenses. You will receive to-day or tomorrow another from Cincinnati. For both of said amounts we thank our Cleveland friends—Colonel Thompson, Mr. Farley, and Paige—through whose efforts the money was secured, they paying most of it themselves. Please use the same judiciously, and do not fail to bring out every vote possible in your county. Please acknowledge receipt.

Respectfully,

G. H. BARGAR, Chairman.

"Mr. Bargar during the campaign posed as a Pendletonian man and the victim of the Bookwalter-Payne-McLean spies. The above shows that he was the chief of the Standard Oil conspirators. The allegation as to the source of the money, so carefully set forth, is false, and was the first bid of the Standard gang for votes. The money sent out did not come from Col. Thompson, of the Standard Company, Mr. Farley, and Mr. Paige, but was the money arising from the assessment made upon candidates and the contributions of Democrats, of which Senator Pendleton was a generously large contributor. The whole formed a common fund for the purpose of paying the legitimate expenses of the campaign. If Thompson, Farley, and Paige contributed anything, it was insignificant and less than the average of contributions. *Yet all the Democratic candidates for the Legislature were falsely informed by Mr. Bargar that these three men alone had contributed the necessary money to pay their campaign expenses—a notification as Chairman of the State Executive Committe that these men had claims upon their generosity and were entitled to their favors.*

"Now comes the full development of this scheme and conspiracy. Thompson, Paige, and Farley are on the ground, claiming the votes of the members for the Standard Oil candidate upon the strength of *Mr. Bargar's falsehood and misrepresentation.* The plan was to convey the idea to the members that the Standard Company had secured their election, and that they were under obligations to give Mr. Payne their support. The Standard's managagers are now here with a bottomless purse believing that they can openly corrupt any member whom Chairman Bargar's purposely misleading letter had not wholly deceived. This is a portion of the evidence going to show the infamous scheme of the Stand Oil monopoly, to buy or steal a Senatorship from the Ohio Democracy. More will follow, to the end that the shamelessly corrupt cabal shall be driven out of Columbus, pursued with the hissing wrath and condemnation of every honest Democrat in the Legislature. A more infamous scheme never saw the light of day.

"The following letters from John H. Farley, a member of the State Executive Committee, show how the Standard Oil Company sought to defeat Pendleton by using the funds of the committee to defeat Democratic candidates. G. W. Hull was nominated by the Democrats of Allen county for the Legislature. J. N. Hane was brought out as an independent candidate, and indorsed by the Republicans becoming the Republican Standard Oil candidate. L. M. Becker became manager for Hane in connection with the Chairman of the Republican County Committee, the funds being disbursed through the committee. The letters are as follows:

[Confidential.] CLEVELAND, O., Oct. 2, 1883.—*L. M. Becker, Esq., Lima, Allen County, O.*—Dear Sir:—Please find inclosed New York draft for $150, which we trust will be used to get out the Democratic vote of your county. Am sorry that the state of our financies permit of no larger donation. Please acknowledge and oblige, yours truly,

J. H. FARLEY.

In the next letter the innocent meat of this letter is shown to be duly tainted with Standard Oil:

[Confidential.] CLEVELAND, O., Oct. 5, 1883.—*L. M. Becker, Lima, Allen County, O.*—Dear Sir: With full realization of the situation, regret that I must consult the limit of my means. Have managed to raise the additional amount inclosed [which was $100] which is the best I can do for you. Please have the draft cashed by some outside friend not connected with your movement, so that a public newspaper war will not follow. Please acknowledge and oblige, yours,

J. M. FARLEY.

"This money, like the preceding, went into the general fund of the Republican committee, to help defeat the whole Democratic ticket. It was taken from the funds of the State Committee, and G. H. Bargar, who repeatedly told me that he was cramped for funds to make the campaign, and was beset by spies and backbiters and marplots, is now hand in glove with these scurvy rascals. Has he no sense of shame, no manly spirit of Democracy, and will he not break loose from the disreputable gang when he reads this?"

The News-Journal of Tuesday contained another chapter of Mr. Bargar's record that is equally as damnable as the above, not only from a Democratic standpoint, but in the eyes of all honest men; and is in substance that he had caused it to appear on the books of the Committe that certain sums of money had been sent to Allen county, when in fact not a dollar had been sent, and being discovered in the ill not rascality, at least the next door to it, wrote a letter to the Allen Democrats piteously begging not to be exposed, and this letter the News-Journal promises to produce. The News-Journal then says: "Mr. Bargar may as well bury his tomahawk and break his scalping knife. He is not going to get Beriah Wilkins' scalp in the year 1884. Beriah Wilkins is not of the Standard Oil oily, and will, therefore, have the unpurchased and unpurchasable Democracy of his district behind him like Cæsar's legions in Gaul. Hell hath no fury like an honest constituency perfidously betrayed, and Mr. Bargar will learn it, and every other man will learn it who votes for the Standard Oil monopoly against the protests of his constituents."

Governor Foster's Message.

Governor Foster's fourth and last annual message, as read to the Legislature, is an able but somewhat prosy document. It would make nearly a full page of THE AGE in very small type, and as we do not believe readers would care to labor through it, we give its most salient features in brief.

He congratulates the Assembly upon the present flattering condition of public affairs, reviews the public debt from which it is learned that about two millions have been paid in the last four years, and that by a successful funding interest to the amount of $150,000 annually has been saved On the 15th of November, 1882, the total debt was $4,991,605.00. Of this there has been paid $379,150.00. The present public debt is $4,490,715.00, which reports a reduc ion in four years of $1,084,425.20; and the annual interest reduction is $159,625.42 The total local debt of the counties, cities and villages of the State is $43,388,095.50, which is an increase since 1876 of $2,378,255.72, but a gratifying decrease took place the past year.

The condition of the several State institutions and departments is reviewed, but the important parts thereof have already appeared in these columns in condensed form as the reports of the directors and officers were made public.

The subject of contract labor was discussed at length and with much wisdom, and is in substance, the favoring of a system whereby the prisoners will be kept at work, but reformed, instead of at present in nine cases out of ten make a more hardened character. To accomplish these desirable purposes he suggests first, that all sentences be of an indeterminate character, life sentences excepted, the term of confinement to be determined by the prison managers; I would provide that eight hours constitute a day's work; that two hours each day be devoted to the education of the convicts; that the judge, when he sentences a convict, certify to the board of managers the facts that secured the conviction, with a statement of the general character of the convict.

The board of managers should adopt a system of rules providing for promotion for good conduct, and reduction of standing for bad conduct. At a certain degree of promotion the convict should be entitled to wear citizen's clothes, and a certain further degree of promotion should entitle him to his freedom, to go out of the prison with the right of his earnings, he to be a convict still, bearing the certificate of the prison managers to that effect. Good conduct outside the prison for a stated period, the convict reporting once a month, his report certified by his employer, should entitle him to a full discharge and restoration to all the rights and privileges of citizenship.

That the labor of the prisoners must be sold there is no disputing, and while it may be detrimental to laboring interests, there is no way to prevent it. The best plan is to make society better and lessen the number of criminals.

He recommends that the management of the prisons and charitable institutions be free from political influence, and says "unless permanency and stability can be given to the management, and a high order of special ability secured, the work of reform of prison management and the abolishment of the contract system had better not be undertaken.

THE TEMPERANCE QUESTION

is discussed at considerable length, thus:

"The receipts from the sale at retail in Ohio of wine, beer and intoxicating liquors, probably amounts to the enormous sum of seventy millions of dollars. That it entails upon the general public an enormous outlay of money, which is raised by general taxation no one pretends to deny, while the annual profits of those engaged in the business is more than forty millions of dollars, yet, until recently, this traffic contributed nothing to the burdens it imposes upon the taxpayers of the State.

And, now, because the General Assembly has, in obedience to the demand of an overwhelming public sentiment, undertaken, in a conservative way, to impose restraints upon it, and to require it to contribute something to the cost it imposes upon the people, this interest recently, through its delegates gathered in convention, formally demanded the repeal of the law. The law passed by the last General Assembly entitled "An act to provide against the evils resulting from the traffic in intoxicating liquors," is the first, seeking to impose restraint upon the liquor traffic, ever passed in this State that has been successfully put into practical execution. Under its provisions more than 4,500 saloons, and places where the traffic has been carried on, have gone out of existence, and if the law is permitted to stand, the number retiring from the business will be materially increased.

A revenue of nearly $1,000,000 has been received from the operation of the law and paid into the various county, city and village treasuries of the State. Under the "local option" feature of the law a number of villages have, by ordinance, prohibited the traffic within their corporate limits, but because of the phraseology relating to tippling houses, the sale of spirituous liquors cannot be prohibited, unless sold in tippling houses. The law should be amended so as to include spirituous liquors, the sale of which, as well as wine and beer, may be prohibited by ordinance, and the provisions of local option should be extended to townships so that, when by village ordinance the traffic is prohibited, the people of the township may prohibit also if they choose, thus preventing the traffic upon the border line of the village.

The General Assembly may rest assured that there is an overwhelming public sentiment opposed to the demands of the liquor dealers, and in favor of giving the Scott law a full and fair trial before any serious interference with its provisions is attempted.

The fact that 323,000 votes were returned for the prohibition of the liquor traffic is evidence of the strong feeling of our people upon this subject.

If this is done the law will be found in principle the best ever passed upon this subject in this country.

With perfect ease, without cost, without friction, without law suits, it silently and swiftly put out of sight more than 4,500 saloon signs, and poured into the treasuries of the State a revenue of nearly two millions of dollars with which to mitigate the sufferings and evils due to the business."

Attention is called to the probable tariff legislation that will be attempted in Congress, and it is recommended that to the end "that the position of the people of Ohio may not be misunderstood, it is important that the General Assembly should not only make a formal protest to Congress against any further reduction of tariff duties, but should request our Representatives and instruct our Senators in Congress to use all honorable means to remedy the injustice done to our wool-growing interests by restoring the duty on wool and to remedy the injustice done to other industries in which our people are so deeply interested."

Meeting of the Legislature.

The Ohio Legislature convened Monday. In the Senate Lieutenant Governor Richards presided and will hold the chair until the inauguration of Lieutenant Governor-elect Warwick.

The Senators were swore in by Supreme Court Judge Johnson, and the officers choosen by the Democratic caucus elected. They are as follows:

President pro tem, Elmer White, of Defiance; Chief Clerk, C. N. Vallandingham, of Montgomery; Engrossing Clerk, Miss Nellie O'Hagan, of Erie; Journal Clerk, I. J. Fisher, of Morrow; Engrossing Clerk, Charles Rhodes, of Jackson; Recording Clerk, William A. Flemming, of Muskingum; Sergeant-at-Arms, Charles Negley, of Darke; First Assistant, Daniel O'Neil, of Cuyahoga; Second Assistant, A. C. Hough, of Fulton.

The house was called to order by Secretary of State Newman, and after the administering of the oath to the members, the following officers were choosen:

Speaker, Hon. A. D. Marsh, of Mercer; Speaker pro tem, L. A. Brunner, of Wyandotte; Chief Clerk, David S. Fisher, of Hardin; Journal Clerk, Don F. Taylor, of Ashland; Message Clerk, Thomas H. Moore, of Tuscarawas; Engrossing Clerk, Samuel J. Lewis, of Hamilton; Enrolling Clerk, Washington Ford, of Morgan; Recording Clerk, Sarah Reed, of Highland; Sergeant-at Arms, J. M. Poulston, of Ross; First Assistant, John Murray, of Hamilton; Second Assistant, August Sauzite, of Putnam; third Assistant, Fred Blankner, of Franklin.

No business of any importance was transacted. In the future our Columbus correspondent will faithfully report all important business transacted. His letter is omitted this week because of the Senatorial squabble furnishing the burden of news from the Capital City, and that is otherwise treated in these columns.

NEWSPAPER ARCHIVE®
NEWSPAPER ARCHIVE®

WILLIAM BOND, ESQ.

BY HENRY T. STANTON.

From the Western Farmer's Almanac.

Old Isaac Bond was well to do, and in the country 'round
Was famous as "the safest man that rooted in the ground."
He lived on land his father won by service in the war,
When continental notes were slow at ninety under par;
The place where he and all the tribe of later Bonds were born,
A noble stretch of meadow land and many fields of corn.

His cattle in the spring were fat, his ricks were full of hay;
He never handled stock or crop but that he "made it pay;"
The neighbors said when other farms were "shameful to be seen,"
Old Isaac's stands of corn and wheat were "mighty peart and green."
The secret was, as he took care to always let them know,
"In holding down the plowshare deep and putting in the hoe."

Although they called him "well to do" and "good" without a hitch,
He had never hoarded money, and was not over rich;
He was just an honest farmer, with a level headed way
Of buying what he wanted when he had the means to pay;
And of holding up a purchase "just a little longer yet,"
If to make it put him over on the ugly side of debt.

But while he had all present things that frugal life enjoys,
He was looking to the future with concern about his boys.
What to do with John and William was a problem that of late
Put his very ordered thinking in a much disordered state.
He had turned the matter over till, in doubt and mental strife,
He was forced to go for comfort to the judgment of his wife.

'As for John," he said, I'm certain he'll stratch his way along,
Doing nothing over goodly, neither any flagrant wrong.
He is not of stuff to educate, and not the kind to drive—
Perhaps he'll win enough to eat and keep himself alive;
But I ought to aid him somehow at his starting into life"—
"Give him stock and set him trading," very promptly said his wife.

"Well enough—that ends the matter, for the present, as to John;
But of William?—there's the subject that I'm most at sea upon;
He's another sort of fellow in his make and in his looks—
Not the slightest turn for farming, but a mighty hand for books;
He would like to go to college"—Here his wife spoke out with fire;
"Let him go—he'll do us honor, he'll be William Bond, Esquire."

It was not without misgiving, and some further troubled thought,
That his final way of doing was as she declared he ought,
But the matter thus was settled, and the courses were assigned,
One to be a man of muscle—one to be a man of mind;
One to row against the current; one to float upon the tide—
Each to seek uncertain waters and the ocean wild and wide.

John went out one day in autumn with but little stock in store,
Save an honest father's blessing as he left the homestead door;
Down the road toward the woodland, with reluctant step and slow,
Going out for good or evil—going out for weal or woe;
Going out, perhaps forever, to the great unknown beyond,
With a weight of grief upon him, but the will of Isaac Bond,

William followed somewhat later, out the open meadow slope,
With the same good blessing on him, but with lighter heart and hope.
Life before him looked like splendor, and he proudly turned away
From the fields of yellow corn blades and the ricks of fragrant hay;
From the haunts of all his childhood; from the hills and from the streams,
To the greater land of promise and the wider sphere of dreams.

Thus old Isaac and his wife were left alone to run the farm,
And prayed that neither lad should come to any sort of harm.
He still could run the plowshare deep and still put in the hoe,
And calves would come the same old way, and corn and wheat would grow.
His John would surely win his bread as he had always done,
And God had some great light to shed upon the other son.

So time went on, and now and then, as John was passing by,
They found him doing something in the way of wheat and rye.
He had managed not to suffer, and he hoped to keep ahead
In the line of honest dealing and the struggle hard for bread.
"There, now, Isaac!" said the mother, "we were neither of us wrong,
When we started John at trading, and we said he'd get along."

William closed at school with credit, and he entered on the law,
With his father back behind him and "authority to draw,"
He had filled at last a measure of his mother's fond desire;
He was often times 'of counsel,' and was William Bond, esquire,
'There! I told you,' said the mother, in her old excited way,
'That the lad would do us honor, and he's doing it to-day.'

Lawyer Bond went up with spirit, and he took a forward place
As 'a very brilliant reader in a most important case.'
Money came a little slowly—such the courses of the law—
But he never felt the pressure with "authority to draw!"
And, besides it wasn't money altogether, it was fame;
What he sought was high position and the prestige of a name.

Though the drafts were rather frequent and the sums were not so small,
Still old Isaac never grumbled while he promptly paid them all.
Once he told his wife in private that if William drew again
It would force him on the market, for he couldn't hold his grain,
Which he thought would lose them something, as he knew the best advice
Was to hold the wheat till autumn for a strong advance in price.

By and by, great honor for them, William Bond elected Judge—
Chosen by the mighty people over clever Mr. Fudge—
And he wrote: 'Twas well contested, but I won it with a dash,
By a little show of confidence and greater show of cash.'
It was 'quite a grand distinction,' and he hoped his father saw
That 'the game was worth the candle' and he wouldn't mind 'the draw.'

Later on, a famous wedding, all their social hopes beyond—
'Mistress Ann Maria Jenkins unto Justice William Bond.'
She was such a dashing widow, such a ruler of the mode,
And he wrote: 'My cup of happiness is nearly overflowed;
You will find her such an angel as you never, never saw,
And when you know her truly you will not regret the 'draw.'

Old Isaac Bond was troubled—in a state of much alarm—
When he told his wife one morning, "I shall have to sell the farm."
Then he wrote in brief to William, and in very gentle way
Said he hoped he found his business in a better shape to pay,
As his own affairs were straitened, and he feared the worst of ills
If the banks were in a hurry for the faces of his bills.

This he sent to Saratoga, where the wedding pair had gone,
Just to gild the golden moment while the honey moon was on;
And while he waited restlessly with matter, growing tight,
Came another note from William with another draft 'at sight.'
It was then old Isaac realized his most unhappy day,
When he wrote upon the back of it, 'No funds—I can not pay.'

Then came a crisis at the bank, and Isaac Bond's affairs
Were found to be in awkward shape and quite beyond repairs.
His creditors were in distress, and, apprehending harm,
Went out to close the mortgages and 'fasten' on the farm.
The stock and crops were first to go—the little left in hand—
And then an order from the court to make their debts from land.

Old Isaac wrote a note to John, and told him all the case
And said: "We won't know where to go when they have sold the place."
And John wrote back: "The times are hard and living mighty high,
But while I live I'll share with you, whatever I can buy.
Don't fret yourselves about the place—the world is wide and free—
I guess there's room enough somewhere for two old folk and me."

The day of sale came round at last, for so goes human life.
And sad and broken at the door stood Isaac Bond and wife.
The crier cried the land for sale, the bidder made their bids,
While some old neighbors moved around with moisture on their lids.
The highest bid was made at last—"Its going going, gone!"
"Whose bid was that!" the crier asked—"It's mine," responded John.

And then John Bond came boldly up and counted down the gold,
And said: I always meant to buy this farm when it was sold.
My father's father bought this land by service in the war,
When continental notes were slow at ninety under par."
"There, there, old man," said Mistress Bond, the teardrops coursing strong,
"We both agreed about our John—that he would scratch along."

Ex-Senator Thurman Speaks.

Two days previous to the Senatorial caucus, Ex-Senator Thurman, sometimes styled the "Old Roman," and the ablest Democrat in the Nation, spoke emphatically upon the disgraceful struggle then going on, and for the benefit of Democratic readers of THE AGE, we reproduce. It will not find place now in the rural party organs. His card appeared in the Columbus Times [Dem.] and is as follows:

"I have nothing to say against either of the candidates. They are all men of ability. My personal relation with each of them have always been friendly and pleasant. But there is something that shocks me in the idea of crushing men like Pendleton and Ward who have devoted the best portion of their lives to the maintenance of Democracy, by a combination against them of personal hatred and overgrown wealth. I hear Payne men say, "We can't support Pendleton, because we disapprove of his civil service reform bill," forgetting that convention after convention of the Democratic party, both State and National, had resolved in favor of civil service reform, and also forgetting that the Republicans now in office are just as liable to be turned out as if the Pendleton bill had never been passed. I do not advocate that bill. I think it ought to be amended or repealed; but I would not slaughter a lifelong Democrat because, in a long public service, he happened to make one mistake. But if these gentlemen cannot support Pendleton, why cannot they support Ward? He is not responsible for the civil service reform bill. Indeed, I have always understood that he disapproved of it. That he is a man of ability everybody must admit; that he has performed immense labor for our party no one will deny. Why, then, prefer Payne to him? The answer, I fear, is perfectly plain. There has never been any machine politics in the Democratic party of Ohio. We have as a party been freer of bossism than any party that ever existed, but some men seem to think that we ought to have a machine, amply supplied with money to work it, and under the absolute control of a boss or bosses, to dictate who shall and who shall not receive the honors and rewards within the gift of the party. To set up such a machine it is necessary in the first place to kill off the men who have heretofore enjoyed the confidence of the party, the men whose ability, hard labor, and principles did so much to keep the party together in the terrible ordeal through which it has passed. I am unwilling to see this done. It does not concern me personally, for I am a mere private citizen, having no expectation or wish even to hold office again. But, although I have never sought for revenge upon my enemies in the party—if I have had any—on the other hand, I have never deserted my friends, and don't want to be called on to be a pallbearer at their political funerals. I want to see our officers elected in the good old fashioned Democratic way and not by some new fangled mode, that, to say the least of it, wears an evil omen and inauspicious aspect. I want to see all true Democrats have a fair chance, according to their merits, and do not want to see a political cut-throat bossism inaugurated for the benefit of a close party corporation or syndicate. A. G. THURMAN."

TABLE ETIQUETTE.

Henry Ward Beecher's Declaration of Independence.

A gentleman who sat at the next table to that at which Rev. Henry Ward Beecher was seated at a hotel in this city is willing to make oath to the statement that the distinguished pastor of Plymouth church ate with his knife. Send him a copy of "Don't."—Boston Saturday Evening Gazette.

Mr. Beecher eats with his knife on principle. The following, from *The New York Ledger* of some years back, gives Mr. Beecher's views on this subject, and will be read with interest at this time:

MY DEAR MR. BONNER: Among all the declarations of liberty which American mankind is so fond of making, it seems strange that there is no league, association, party, or other combination to defend honest men against worn-out or absurd customs.

For example, will any man tell me why I am forbidden by what is called "good manners" to pour my tea into a saucer and cool it there? Much reproach has been heaped upon "strong" tea and coffee, which properly belongs to *hot* tea and coffee. Everyone knows how much the efficient action of chemical agents is intensified by heat. Scalding tea is far worse than strong tea; but to be both scalding and strong is an attack upon the human body which no man ought to venture who has any regard for health. But etiquette forbids me to cool my coffee in any other manner than by waiting. Coffee-cups, in houses where the secret of drinking good coffee is known, should be like the human heart, large and deep, and in such cases the beverage will, like true affection, cool very slowly. Hence, one who does not wish to wait till the meal is over before drinking coffee must either cool it in his saucer or drink it hot, or wait and drink it after breakfast, and all because of the absurd notion that it is not good manners to pour coffee into your saucer.

The spirit of "seventy-six" ought to rise with every afflicting gulp of hot coffee! The custom is wanton and cruel. It is tyranny over the inner man, carried on by force, if not by the sword. I count it, therefore, a duty to humanity to set at defiance the edicts of the liquid despot, hot drink. For the welfare of mankind I refuse to burn my mouth or scald my stomach. In behalf of mute devotees of the superstitions of etiquette I raise a plea for relief.

Meantime, endowed with courage and armed with principle, I rejoice in pouring forth the fragrant liquid into a capacious saucer, and, before the pondering eyes, to raise the beverage to my lips. Superstition is rebuked. Health is justified of her children.

Even more will be shocked when I avow myself as an advocate for the rights of the knife. Now, custom has reduced it to the mere function of cutting up one's food. That done, it is laid down, and a fork serves every other purpose. By practice one gains unexpected dexterity in using a fork for purposes to which it is ill adapted. The Chinese, in like manner, make awkward chop-sticks rarely serviceable, by practice little short of legerdemain; but is that a good reason for the use of chop-sticks? A fork, as now made, is unfitted to pierce any morsel upon its tines, and yet they are sharp enough to afflict the tongue if carelessly used. They are split so as to be useless for liquids, and yet they are used as if they were spoons. The fork compels the manipulator to poke and push and pile up the food material which tends to fall back and apart; it is made to pursue the dainty tidbits, in which often the very core of flavor resides, around the plate in a hopeless chase, and at length a bit of bread is called in as an auxiliary, and thus, while the slim-legged fork, in one hand, is chasing a slim liquid mouthful, a wad of bread in the other goes mopping and sopping around to form a corner, and between the two is at length accomplished what is called genteel feeding!

Meanwhile, a broad knife is fitted for the very function which the fork refuses and the wad of bread ill performs. The reasons for refusing the knife as an active feeding implement are worthy of the awkward practice. "It is liable to cut the mouth" no more than a fork is to stick into the lip or tongue.

If men ate with razors there would be some reason for avoidance. But table-knives are blunt-edged. It is even difficult to make them cut when one tries, and if they are properly used the back of the blade will be turned to the mouth. We do not object to the fork, but we demand a restoration of the knife from banishment. We do not desire to enforce its use, but such a liberation as shall leave each one free to use the knife for conveying food to the mouth when that is most convenient, and the fork when that is preferred. Equal rights we demand for black and white, for home born or immigrant, for rich and poor, for men and women, and for knives and forks.

What a Fall Was There.

This is very sad—that the Apostle of the Beautiful should fall to the rank of sixpenny showman. When he was in America he would not allow any one to enter the hotel parlors, where he descanted upon the Utterness of the Consummate, for a less fee than $1. But here he is announcing in the Liverpool papers that he will lecture in Hope Hall next Saturday evening on "Personal Impressions of America;" and then in all the Philistine brutality of printer's ink, follows the line: "Admission—Front Seats, 2s; Gallery, 6d." Poor Oscar! Yet in the Bowery one can see the Fat Woman, the Tattooed Girl, the India Rubber Man, and the Only Original Sea Serpent, all for a dime, with music by the band thrown in. That's two and one-half cents cheaper than the Hope Hall show. By the way, Mr. Wilde's announcement is separated by a few lines only from that of the Royal Asylum for Imbeciles and Idiots—which shows a most shocking lack of æsthetic culture in the man who classified the advertisements.

Murat Halstead draws the following pen-sketch of John Swinton: "If one could imagine Horace Greeley with black eyes, and a countenance varying in a second between expressions of sparkling levity and fanatical seriousness, with a worldly air of knowing too much to be of any use, he would have a vision of the eloquent radical who generally tempers the deviltment of his doctrines so as to do but little practical mischief, and who has the happy distinction of being always faithful to the work for which he assumes responsibility."

A lady and gentleman accidently touched each other's feet under the table, "Secret telegraphy," said she. "Communion of soles," said he.

The assessed valuation of property in Texas is $520,000,000.

A Country Home in the Highlands.

In the opening chapter of the Rev. E. P. Roe's new novel, "Nature's Serial Story," in *Harper's Magazine*, is this charming picture of a country home:

A country home! How much it means—what possibilities it suggests! The one I shall describe was built not far from half a century ago, and the lapsing years have only made it more homelike. It has long ceased to be a new object—an innovation—and has become a part of the landscape, like the trees that have grown up around it. It was originally painted brown, but with the flight of time it has taken a grayish tinge, as in sympathy with its venerable proprietor. In summer it stands back from the roadway in modest seclusion. Elms, maples and shrubbery give to the passer by but chance glimpses of the wide veranda which is indicated rather than revealed beyond the thickly clustering vines. It is now late December, and in contrast with its leafy retirement

THE OLD HOMESTEAD

stands out with a sharp distinctness in the white landscape; and yet its sober hue harmonizes with the dark boles of the trees, and suggests that, like them, it is a natural growth of the soil, and quite as capable of clothing itself with foliage in the coming spring. This in a sense will be true when the greenery and blossoms of the wisteria, honeysuckle and grapevines appear, for their fibres and tendrils have clung to the old house so long that they may well be deemed an inseparable part of it. Even now it seems that the warmth, light and comfort within are the sustaining influences which will carry them through the coming days of frost and storm. A tall pine tree towers above the northern gable of the dwelling, and it is ever sighing and moaning to itself as if it possessed some unhappy family secret which it can neither reveal nor forget. On the hither side of its shade a carriage drive curved toward an ancient horse block, with many a lichen growing on the under side of the weather beaten planks and supports. From this platform, where guests had been alighting for a generation or more, the drive passed to an old-fashioned carriage house, in which were the great family sleigh and a light and gayly painted cutter, revealing that the home was not devoid of the young life to which winter's most exhilarating pastime is so dear. A quaint corncrib was near, with its mossy posts capped with inverted tin pans much corroded with rust, which prevented prowling rats and mice from climbing up into the golden treasure house. Still further beyond were the

GRAY OLD BARN

and stables facing the south. Near their doors on the sunny side of the ample yard stood half a dozen ruminating cows, with possibly a dim consciousness between their wide branching horns of the fields, now so white and cold, from which had been cropped far juicer morsels in the summer long past. Even into their sheltered nook, the sun, far down in the south, threw but cold and watery gleams from a steel colored sky, and as the northern blast eddied around the sheltering buildings the poor creatures shivered, and when the morning airing was over were glad to return to their warm, straw littered stalls. Even the gallant and champion cock of the yard was chilled. With one foot gathered up into his fluffy feathers he stood motionless in the midst of his disconsolate harem with his eye fixed vacantly on the forbidding outlook. His dames appeared neither to miss nor to invite his attentions, and their eyes, usually so bright and alert, often filmed in weary discontent. Nature, however, was oblivious to all the dumb protests of the barnyard, and the cold steadily strengthened. Away on every side stretched the angular fields, outlined by fences that were often but white continuous mounds, and also marked by trees and shrubs that in their earlier life

HAD RUN THE GAUNTLET

of the bush hook. Here and there the stones of the higher and more abrupt walls would crop out, while the board and rail fences appeared strangely dwarfed by the snow that had fallen and drifted around them. The groves and wood crowned hills still further away looked as drearily uninviting as roofless dwellings with icy hearthstones and smokeless chimneys. Towering above all on the right was Storm King Mountain, its granite rocks and precipices showing darkly here and there, as if its huge white mantle were old and ragged indeed. One might well shiver at the lonely, desolate wastes lying beyond it, grim hills and early shadowed valleys where the half starved fox prowls and watches for unwary rabbits venturing from their coverts to nibble the frozen twigs. The river, which above the Highlands broadens out into Newburgh Bay, has become a snowy plain, devoid on this bitter day of every sign of life. The Beacon hills on the further side frown forbiddingly through the intervening northern gale, sweeping southward into the mountain gorge.

A Last Resort.

"My dear boy," said young Smerkins the banker's clerk, to a fellow dude, whom he met on Kearney street the other day: "my dear boy, are you aware that you have some dirt in your face, right under your ear? Jest let me wipe it off."

"Don't do it," hastily objected the other; "it isn't dirt—it's burnt cork."

"Now remedy for pimples, eh?"

"Oh, no; not that you know. I'll explain: I suppose you noticed that all the alleged society girls are getting mashed on nigger minstrels."

"It's a disgusting fact," sighed Smerkins. "You can run against forty of them tramping up and down Bush street any day."

"Exactly; and it's actually gotten so of late that unless a fellow's a barkeeper, or what they call a 'hamfatter,' he doesn't stands any chance at all. So you see, as I've make up my mind to catch on, or die in the attempt, I just put a little burnt cork under my ear every morning, just as though I was some end man who had failed to wash off well. Big scheme, I can tell you. Ta! ta!"

And the sailer under the black flag walked off, to join a Van Ness avenue conquest who was pretending to be waiting for a car on the corner.

The "Rime of the Ancient Mariner," illustrated by Dore, has no such ghastly picture as this drawn by one of the crew of a ship which was sailing near Anjer, recently destroyed by the Java earthquakes: "Anjer all gone; not one living soul left; land white as snow with ashes; trees all dead. We plowed through masses of dead bodies that were striking the ship on both sides; groups of a hundred packed together, naked, and such an odor. It was awful." "O, Christ, the very deep did rot," says the "Ancient Mariner."

A New Girl.

Novelties in girls are naturally looked upon with suspicion. The present style of girl has been thoroughly tested and found to be perfectly satisfactory, and when any one claims to have devised a new and improved style of girl, the claim usually proves, upon examination, to be a ridiculous failure.

From the West there comes the story of a newly-invented girl of startling originality. She differs from previous girls in the fact that her left leg is attached to her right shoulder, while her right arm occupies the place usually occupied by a left leg. Girls with extra limbs or no limbs at all have frequently been exhibited to an unsympathizing public, but the distribution of the new girl's limbs is something absolutely novel, and as such deserves serious attention.

The claims made in behalf of the new girl are many, and some of them at least appear to be justifiable. For example, it is asserted that a woman who has a hand where the left foot is usually found can pick up pins and other small things from the carpet without stooping. She can also hold a rug in place while sweeping it, and can drag a cat out from under a sofa and turn her out of the room with the greatest ease. When she drops her prayer-book in church she can pick it up and place it on the seat beside her without attracting the slightest attention, and she can climb into a carriage with the aid of her hand-foot—if it may be so called—with an ease and grace of which the ordinary woman is quite incapable.

Having a foot where other women have a right hand, the new style of girl would make an admirable family disciplinarian, since she could administer punishment to children without the trouble of removing her slipper. She would have an immense advantage over other girls when wearing beautiful and costly hosiery, since she could display the stocking on her right upper limb with no more impropriety than is involved in displaying a neatly-fitting glove. So, too, her advantages for displaying a neat and artistic boot would be quite unequaled, and she would be able to button both her own boots with less trouble than ordinary women find in putting on their gloves.

These are claims which, it much be admitted, are well founded. We may, however, concede everything that is claimed on behalf of the new girl and still disapprove of her. What is this girl to do when on receiving an acceptable offer of marriage she wishes to clasp her arms round her lover's neck? Will he be likely to feel flattered when the soft foot touch of a Western feminine caresses his left ear? When the marriage ceremony is in progress how will he obey the clergyman's order to take the bride's right hand in his? And then how will the new girl be able to make the simplest article of food without literally putting her foot in it?

The worst feature of the new girl, however, is her inability to walk. Nothing has been said by her advocates on this subject, which is a sufficient reason for assuming that they have nothing favorable to say. Is the girl expected to walk on both feet? If so, it is safe to say that she cannot do it, and if she could her appearance would be so grotesque that she would never venture outside of her own room. Undoubtedly she is expected to walk on one foot and one hand. Need anything more be said to prove that she is a painful failure.

This attempt to make the modern girl a compromise between the bimana and the quadrumana is certainly ingenious, but it is doomed to the fate of all previous attempts at improving girls. Our girls need no improvements, and it will take a greater intellect than that of Cuvier to devise any possible change in them which would not be for the worse.

Physical Development.

Happening to be in Queenstown, Ireland, one evening, many years ago, I was invited to attend a grand ball on the occasion of a famous international regatta. The number of ladies was about 150. Their dress was like that of American ladies on similar occasions only a little more so—sleeves a little shorter, corsage a little lower. The ladies were remarkably self-possessed, quiet, and graceful, and I think, on the whole, averaged prettier than I have ever seen on another such occasion.

I have written this to introduce the physical development of Irish ladies. The Irish girls in America have full chests, large arms; they are plump and vital.

When an American lady shows me her arms—candle dips, No. 8, and asks: "How can I get such arms as Bridget's?" and I say, "Work, work as she does, and you will have her arms," then she says, "Oh, that is not work, it is climate! If I had been brought up in Bridget's climate I should have had her fine bust; but this terrible dry air takes all the juice out of us."

My curiosity was on tiptoe to see how Irish ladies brought up in this moist even climate, but without work, would look. I have said that there were 150 ladies present, and that they were very pretty and graceful, but now, taking the witness stand, I testify I have never in America seen 150 young women together with arms so small or chests so flat and thin. They belonged to the idle class, and all the world over women of the idle class have spindle arms and thin chests, unless they become merely fat, which, with their weak muscles, is a sad embarrassment.

Education, rank, aspiration, prayer—these will not produce a strong, full, muscular body. They are not the appointed means. Exercise, exercise! work, work!—this produces strong muscles, full chests and physical beauty. Work is the appointed means.—*Dio Lewis' Monthly.*

Italians in America.

A party of 200 Italians who have been employed in building a railroad in Pennsylvania during the summer have, it is said, determined to go back, on the ground that they had been deceived as to the prospects here. They were told that they could do well here, whereas they have hardly made enough to feed and clothe themselves. One of them is quoted as exclaiming phathetically, "Give me old Italy yet." There is probably no class of emigrant laborers who come over here with less definite knowledge of the actual chances of bettering themselves than the Italians. They are we believe, commonly brought over by a "boss" under a contract of some kind, they can hardly speak a word of English, they are superstitious, credulous and ill-fitted to look out for themselves.—*New York Post.*

A newspaper in Paris has been sued for damages for printing a portrait of a Countess which did not look like her.

GLEANINGS.

Miss Fanny Everett, aged 82, has been postmistress of West Foxborough, Mass., for 25 years.

William Lohe, St. Louis, is whittling a duplicate Strasburg clock with 180,000 pieces.

Sixty-four of 111 New Jersey school teachers say in reports that whipping is indispensable.

More than 18,000 homesteads have been entered in Florida during the last two years.

Newbern, Tenn., has a law that imposes a fine of not less than $25 or more than $50 on any person who goes into a saloon on Sunday.

This was the very concise verdict of a coroner's jury in Idaho: "We find that the deceased came to his death by calling Tom Watlings a liar."

The ebony tree grows to be 15 feet in circumference. The outer wood is pure white, the heart only being perfectly black.

In a game of foot ball at Annapolis a muscular cadet kicked the ball fifty yards. His friends are willing to back him against any opera singer in the country.

A Saratoga, New York, man is quite certain that he has invented a wholly successful electric motor for railways. By some odd chance his name is Daft.

Samuel Jones, of Philadelphia, has had his old father arrested for embezzlement. He sent him out with a little money to buy fruit and he failed to return.

The first railway in Spain was laid in 1848. It was but fifteen and a half miles long. The system has not grown very rapidly, however, and now only covers 6,000 miles.

Texas farmers have sold this year $59,000,000 worth of cotton, $53,000,000 worth of cattle, $7,000,000 worth of wool and mutton, and $1,000,000 worth of horses and hides.

Dr. Bliss has over 7,000 letters received by him during the eighty days he had charge of the wounded Garfield, all of them bringing suggestions, and some of them bearing threats of violence.

It is a standing joke in Italy that Salvini carries about with him the King's pardon, to be used in case his realism on the stage should carry him to the point of an actual smothering of some Desdemona.

At stations on Russian railroads there is a grievance book, in which the traveler can inscribe his wrongs in any language, and which is periodically read by the authorities. Whether results follow the perusal is not stated.

On July 1 there were 11,750,000 cattle in France and 5,962,000 in Great Britain; there were 2,750,000 pigs in France and 2,500,000 in Great Britain; there were 500,000 sheep in France and 26,000,000 in England.

An old lady in Portland, Me., who was acquainted with Ralph Waldo Emerson, and knew him well in later life, says he was so indolent that she was not at all surprised when he gave up preaching and went to live in Concord simply to think.

A pair of Queen Elizabeth's gloves can be seen in an English museum. She had a hand like a brakeman. The thumb of the glove is five inches long and the palm measures three and a half inches across. No wonder the kingdom trembled when she brought it down.

Hanlan, the oarsman, says that he owes his success in great part to having hit upon a winning stroke, for it is there he shows his superiority. It is a thing which cannot be governed by mathematical calculation, though, but is more the result of an accident or inborn knack.

A tribe of Indians having tails from six to eight inches in length is said to have been discovered in Paraguay. Should this announcement prove true, the *Journal of Science* protests in advance against their being paraded as "the missing link," since the anthropoid apes have no tails.

Surgeons probed ineffectually for the bullet that entered the hip of George H. Fredericks, of Fort Wayne, in the battle of Okolona, Miss., twenty-one years ago. The other day he felt a sharp pain just above the right knee joint. He worked the flesh with his finger and out came the ball.

An inventor in Brussels claims to have contrived a perpetual clock. It was started in that city about one year ago, and up to a recent date is said to have been running perfectly. An updraught is obtained in a tube or shaft by exposing it to the sun. This draught turns a fan which winds up the weight of the clock.

For the first time since the invention of printing, a German book has reached its 1,000th edition, each of them numbering 3,000 copies, thus making in all 3,000,000 copies. It is a primer by Haester, published by G. D. Baedecker, of Essen, which first appeared in 1853, and reached its 100th edition in 1868.

In England there is more land lying idle in sporting grounds, game reserves and landlords' parks than the whole kingdom of Belgium, which supports in happiness and prosperity 6,000,000 people and sends large food exports to London. An income of $175,000,000 a year is received by 8,142 landlords as rent on 46,500,000 acres of land.

Three-fifths of the cotton now bought by Chinese importers is in the shape of yarns, which they manufacture to suit themselves. It is predicted that when cotton mills with proper machinery are once established in China there will be an end of importations of cotton clothes. With her cheap labor she will make clothes to export instead of buying them.

The educational statistics of the British army show that out of every 1,000 soldiers, 80 can neither read nor write, 28 can read but not write, 186 can read and write, while 756 are of superior education. Twenty years ago 134 could neither read nor write, 173 could read but not write, 641 could just read and write, while 52 only were of superior education.

Hissing means different things, according to where you happen to be at the time. In West Africa the natives hiss when they are astonished; in the New Hebrides when they see anything beautiful. The Basutos applaud a popular orator in their assemblies by hissing at him. The Japanese, again, show their reverence by a hiss, which has probably somewhat the force of the "hush" with which we command silence.

Some of the conclusions of science would indeed be appalling but for their practical harmlessness. Thus, geologists assert that if the continents and the bottom of the ocean were graded down to a uniform level the whole world would be covered with water a mile deep, so much greater is the depression of the ocean bed than the elevation of the existing land.

A balloon with an electric propellor, consisting of the balloon proper, the gas generator and the electro-motive generator, driven by a battery of twenty-four bichromate cells, has been the subject of a series of experiments in France. At a recent trial trip the electric apparatus allowed of four speeds of the propellor, from 60 to 180 turns per minute, and the aeronauts proved that they could outspeed and breast the wind as well as steer the balloon in it.

It seems Louis Kossuth, the exiled Hungarian patriot, is not as near his grave as was recently reported. A correspondent who visited him at Turin in November, says that the Hungarian patriot and orator was writing and smoking a cigarette. He replied to inquiries as to his health by saying, "I am quite well, as you see, in spite of the weight of 80 years." He has white hair and beard, but a florid aspect and robust form. He is still a handsome man, with kind and courteous manners.

In Japanese Hotels.

The front of the house is entirely open to the street during the daytime. What serves for the office is in the front room. The kitchen is also in front. One will nearly always see a list of prices for lodging hung in the neighborhood of the kitchen.

As you ride by a hotel on a hot day it looks very inviting. If the house be a large one, you will see room after room stretching backwards. In the center of the house is an open court, in which is a Japanese garden, such as no one else can make. Rockeries of old and curiously shaped rocks, plants and flowers artistically arranged, and sometimes a pond with goldfish. The parlor is the back room of the house. There is really very little difference in rooms, as none of them contain a solitary piece of furniture. The woodwork of a parlor is sometimes very pretty, and there are pictures, with sometimes a poem written in large characters on silk, hanging on the walls. The rooms are generally scrupulously clean. The floors of all Japanese houses are covered with thick straw mats. On entering a hotel (or any house) your shoes must come off. A Japanese never wears anything heavier than a stocking when in the house. Whenever there is any woodwork in the floor it is kept highly polished, as are also the verandas, which are an indispensible accompaniment to a hotel, as it is by them that the various rooms are reached. The wood is so smooth that it will show a scratch, or a mark made by a nail in the shoe, as easily as a polished table would do so.

On arriving at a hotel you are shown to a room, and a girl waiter immediately brings tea and cake. The Japanese custom is to give a little present of money at this time; a greater or less sum according to the amount of attention you may demand.

The prices of lodging are generally fixed at stated sums for first, second and third class lodgers. This price includes supper, breakfast and lodging. Guests do not remain in a hotel during the day, excepting at the summer or health resorts. By eight o'clock in the morning the hotel is empty. Meals are invariably served in the different rooms. This requires a large number of waiting girls.

Food is served on small, low tables, just raised from the floor. The price of lodging (with meals) is about thirty-five cents. That is to Japanese. Foreigners are charged for room rent and for all food served. Last July I put up at a hotel over night. My Japanese teacher was with me. He had one parlor and I had another. Our food, rooms, bedding were precisely alike. He was charged forty-five sen for room and meals; I was charged fifty sen for room only, and in addition for every separate item of food. I refused to pay my bill, but finally was obliged to pay it or I should have made myself a great deal of trouble. Most hotels prefer not to take foreigners at any price. Of course where we are served with chairs, table and a bed we are willing to pay extra for them. But we seldom find these articles except on the main roads of travel. One must be tired in order to sleep on the floor, lying on one thick mat, with another similar one for a cover.

There is no possible way to fasten the room at night. There are no doors like our doors. The division between rooms, as well as between the room and the outer veranda, is nothing but paper; paper sliding doors, which can be lifted out of their grooves with the greatest of ease, converting the house into one large room. I have slept (?) for a number of nights in a room, all four sides of which could be taken away in five minutes time, and which of course could be opened by any one. Strange as it may seem, there is very seldom anything like robbery. Things must be left about the room, as one cannot put all his possessions under the pillow.

Exit, the Dude.

The time has come for the departure of the Dude. He has had his little reign, has been popular, ridiculed, blackguarded and thrashed. He has been portrayed in books, on the stage, and pictured in every illustrated magazine or newspaper in America. Odes have been written about him. His tight trousers, toothpick shoes, bell crowned hat, towering collars and short coats have been written up and written down until they have become famous. A change is slowly taking place. The collar became lower for a time and then turned over at the edges in front. The coat became longer, the hat more like a stovepipe in form and the boots broadened at the toe. The Dude, who was the acme of fashion a year ago, now proves to be in bad form. He must change the fashion of his attire or be relegated to the rear ranks. The drab colored coat which was the Dude's special glory and delight a year ago, is now so very much out of the style that it must either be thrown aside or dyed in anticipation of springtime. No one can view the fall of the Dude with anything but satisfaction. Of all the swells, he has been the most nauseating. The old fashioned fop was a creature of gorgeous plumage. He may have been effeminate and silly, but his attire was brilliant and his manner gentle. The swell who came later was a high liver, a good fellow and a bustling, busy and happy man of fashion. But the Dude was a silly, simple, negative, disagreeable, shy, reserved and stupid creature. His parallel was never before seen in the history of the world.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

The shrinkage of Tulare Lake, Cal., uncovered a prehistoric settlement, stone buildings, traces of canals, once bordered with trees, and other evidences of occupation by an unknown race, being clearly defined as the water subsided.

WIT AND HUMOR.

"I was only footing one of your late Bills," remarked a fond father to his daughter, after kicking her sweet William out of the front yard.

People who are color-blind can not distinguish any difference between red and green. To them the woman who paints her cheeks looks green.

"No, sir, my daughter can never be yours." "I don't want her to be my daughter!" broke in the young ardent. "I want her to be my wife."

A young colored man of Illinois is said to have made a fortune of $150,000 within a year. We suspect he served a few months as porter on a Pullman palace car.

"So you are marred," remarked Mrs. Smith; "when do you receive?" "O," replied the newly-wedded one, "that will depend on our friends. We shall be ready to receive as fast as the presents are sent in."

A young man who sat upon a black piece of iron in a blacksmith shop and unceremoniously sprang seven feet in the air, with a wild shriek of despair, says he don't think much of the hot springs as a health resort.

A new mineral called adamascolite has been found in Missouri, and it is said that it will cut steel. Adamascolite will fill a long-felt want. Now the traveler can have a knife that will cut a railroad sandwich.

"Alice," said Mrs. Petulia in a subdued tone to her little girl one evening at supper, "you must eat bread with your jam." "But, mamma," protested Alice, "it's plenty good enough without bread."

"How many parts of speech are there, Johnnie?" "Well, in our house there ain't none, 'cause when mammy gets her speech started it never parts; it just reaches from sun to sun 'thout even a crack in it."

"The surest way to take cold," said a distinguished physician, "is to hug the stove." Young men who go courting on Sunday nights should remember this, and not spend all their time hugging the stove.

American tourist in gallery of art: "I say, John, we haven't got but twenty minutes to go through this thing before the train starts. You take one side and I'll take the other, and we'll do it up in good style."—*Burlington Free Press.*

A tailor informed one of his creditors that if he did not settle his bill immediately he would commence suit, but was surprised to receive a postal card by return mail politely informing him to look to the settlement of one suit before commencing another.

A Hoosier at dinner on a Mississippi palatial steamer was about to reach out for something before him, but the waiter, checking him, exclaimed, hurriedly: "That, sir, is a dessert." "O," said the Hoosier, "I don't care if it's a wilderness, I am going to eat it all the same."—*Philadelphia Call.*

"Oh, no!" she exclaimed, in consternation, "surely not, doctor!" "Yes," he said, "you are certainly threatened with scarlet fever." "What shall I do, what shall I do?" she moaned in great distress. "Oh, doctor, couldn't you throw it into some other kind of fever? Scarlet is so trying on my complexion."

"O, will he bite?" exclaimed one of Middletown's sweetest girls, with a look of alarm, when she saw one of the dancing bears on the street the other day. "No," said her escort, "he cannot bite—he is muzzled; but he can hug." "O," she said, with a distracting smile, "I don't mind that."

"Johnnie did any one have the croup in your house last night?" "Dunno. What made you ax me?" "Well, I saw a light in the house long after midnight." "Oh, that's my sister. She has somethin' down in the parlor awful late every night, but I don't know whether it's the croup or not."—*Yonkers Gazette.*

"We are going to have a mild winter, Mrs. Varley; everybody says so," remarked Mrs. Seaton. Mrs. Varley merely acknowledged the information with an "Ah," but when Mrs. Seaton had gone she turned to her companion and said: "You know what that remark means, don't you? Her husband's too stingy to buy her a new set of furs.

"Say, Captain," said a fresh young man on a Sound steamer, "what's that thing over there?" "A hawser," was the brief reply. "A horse? Dear me! What do you use it for, Captain?" "Well, when fools like you get tired of sailing we just put a saddle on it and let them ride ashore," growled the gruff old mariner.

"Mamma, what is a cipher?" "Why, my child, a cipher is a naught; that is, it is nothing." "Well, then, papa must be a naughty nothing." "What makes you think so?" "Cause papa caught hold of the nurse this morning and said: 'I cipher a taste of your lips,' and she smacked him." "Did she slap him with her hand?" "No, ma'am; but she bit him right in the mouth."

Every noted foreigner who arrives on our shores "love America." As long, that is, as he makes money here. If his undertakings result disastrously in a financial point of view, he goes home and writes a book about America. And it is only necessary to read one chapter to discover that his love for this country is about as warm as that of a woman for a mouse.—*Norristown Herald.*

"My dear, I am shocked that you should invite those young ladies to your party." "Why, mamma, how you talk! They have always been in society. Their father is the postmaster." "Very true, my child, but you forget the change that has recently occurred." "What change, mamma?" "Why, the rates of postage have been reduced to two cents."

A rural debating society has decided that tobacco is injurious to health and shortens life. The decision has already been productive of some good. An old gentleman of 87 years, who lives in the vicinity, and has used tobacco since he was 18, has resolved to discard the vile weed before he falls a victim to the habit and sinks into an early grave.—*Norristown Herald.*

Some joker put a small turtle, about the size of a silver dollar, in room 12 at the Ocean Hotel, Durango, and the miner who was assigned that room, upon retiring, caught sight of it, whereupon he began to resume his clothing, with the remark: "I expected to have a lively night of it here, but if they're as big as that I don't propose to get in with 'em."—*Denver Tribune.*

Somebody told President Arthur that George Bliss had said that young Allan Arthur was a little wild and should be looked after. Mr. Arthur said, with some impatience: "George Bliss had better mind his own business. He and you and I were all boys ourselves, and you cannot make an old man out of a boy."

The domestication of buffalo calves is to be attempted in Arkansas.

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

THE QUAKER POET.

A Chat with John G. Whittier—Some of his Opinions and Reminiscences.

Half way up the main street, well removed from this unpoetic bustle, I came upon a house that is worthy of a picture. It is a white frame cottage of that box-like architecture so common to the country villages of this section. The center is two stories high with one story wings on either side. The marks of age are apparent, though everything is neat and tidy, in appearance it is more like the house of a thrifty mechanic than a man of letters whose fame is world wide. Shade trees and shrubbery fill the large yard, which blooms in the summer with the checkered green of foliage and the pink and white of flowers; but in this "season of mist and mellow fruitfulness," all this color is turned by the pinching hand of frost, and the greenwood is covered with yellow leaves, harbingers of the season of which Whittier wrote:

> And Autumn in his leafless Bowers,
> Is waiting for the Winter's snow.

A graveled walk leads to the front door of the house, and my pull at the bell was answered by a tidily-dressed lady, with a round, cheery, good-natured face, the poet's niece, I believe. She extended a pleasant welcome and led the way into a neat little parlor opening from the hall. A moment later there entered a tall man, six feet or more high, I should say. He walked briskly across the floor with an elastic step. His dress was the plain unpretentious garb of a Quaker; the dark, high-buttoned vest, the black, cutaway coat, having just the faintest suspicion of velvet on the collar and facings of the small, ear-shaped lappels. His face wears that peculiar expression denoting quiet thought and a gentle disposition. Round and pleasant, it is framed with gray whiskers, shaved only from the lips which are pressed firmly together. The countenance is rather serious in composure,, but brightens with the interest of conversation. The dark eyes are set well back beneath heavy brows and the high forehead appears unusually long from the absence of hair on the crown of the head. Although 77 years old he has the step and bearing of a man of 50. I had heard that he was failing, and was pleased to find how cheerful, entertaining and well-preserved he was.

"This is John G. Whittier," I involuntarily exclaimed, as he took my hand and shook it warmly.

"Yes; and thee is from Philadelphia. I wonder if thee knows any of my friends there? Hardly, I suppose, for the people and the city have so changed. It has become a metropolitan place, and its distinctive Quaker features are scarcely perceptible any more, I suppose. Even the friends who are left have changed. The quaint old buildings, I believe are still there—simple monuments, recalling the characteristics of the people who at one time gave the city its individuality."

Whittier's fondness for Longfellow was everywhere apparent, and when it was remarked upon he said:

"Yes, we were warm friends. He was a delightful man and a great poet. The last time he was here in my house, he came in with Senator Sumner and Mr. Charles Lanman, of Washington. All saw little of each other during the last years of his life. My health did not permit me to go about much. Not long before he died he wrote for me to come and see him. I was not able to go at once; but as soon as I could I went to him. I was too late, however, for when I reached his house he was then unable to see any one, and soon after passed away.

"Hawthorne, Emerson, Longfellow and myself were always friends. There were no jealousies between us, and we each took a pride in the work and success of the others. We would exchange notes upon our productions, and if one saw a kindly notice of the other it was always cut out and sent to him.

"Hawthorne I regarded as the greatest master of the English language. He was the superior of Addison. I never knew nor read of a man who could build such beautiful stories in words that the humblest could understand.

"Emerson was not only a great writer, but a philosopher. Our relations were very close. He often visited me here, and I him. We saw more of one another than did Longfellow and I. Emerson has written some things that will live forever. They are 'The Problem,' 'Each and All,' and perhaps twenty other pieces that I could name. He has a simple, easy way of writing that gave his work great power. My sister used to say that she liked him better than any man who came here, because he never talked over her head. That was really his strength."

The conversation then drifted into the methods of these great writers while at work. Mr. Whittier said:

"I was unlike any of the rest I think, for I never had any methods. When I felt like it I wrote; and I never had the health nor patience to work over it afterwards. It usually went as it was originally completed. Emerson wrote with great care, and would not only revise his manuscript carefully, but I have heard him say that he would frequently rewrite the article upon the proof sheets. Longfellow, too, was a very careful writer. He wrote and rewrote and would lay his work by and then revise it. He often would consult with his friends about his productions before they were given to the world. He, therefore, sent his work out as perfect as great care and a brilliant intellect could make it. I have lived mostly a secluded life with little patience to draw upon, and only a few friends for associates. What writing I have done has been for the love of it. I have ever been timid of what I have penned. It is really a marvel to me that I have gained any literary reputation from my productions."—*Boston Herald.*

Wanted Him Twice.

A Nebraska sheriff who was on a train coming east from Omaha the other day, fell into conversation with a New Yorker, and finally admitted that he was in pursuit of a broker.

"A broker—for what?"

"Oh, one of our smart towns was getting ahead so fast that it must needs send to Chicago for a broker. It wanted him bad and he came. He opened an office, put in a ticker, displayed quotations, and made about $20,000 in six weeks."

"How?"

"Well, that's what they want him the second time for—they want to ask how."

"Has it affected the town?"

"Well, a little. I think that if a chap should come through there offering to sell tickets to heaven at $2 for the trip he could not get a man to put down a nickel in advance. They'd expect to get side-tracked somewhere about half-way.—*Wall Street News.*

Mark Twain Aggrieved.

Mark Twain was asked to contribute to the album of artists' sketches and autograph letters, to be raffled for at the Bartholdi Pedestal Fund Art Loan Exhibition in New York, and this is his response, which accompanied his contribution:

You know my weakness for Adam, and you know how I have struggled to get him a monument and failed. Now, it seems to me, here is my chance. What do we care for a statue of liberty when we've got the thing itself in its wildest sublimity? What you want of a monument is to keep you in mind of something you haven't got—something you lost. Very well; we haven't lost liberty; we've lost Adam.

Another thing: What has liberty done for us? Nothing in particular that I know of. What have we done for her? Everything. We've given her a home, and a good home, too. And if she knows anything, she knows its the first time she ever struck that novelty. She knows that when we took her in she had been a mere tramp for 6,000 years, biblical measure. Yes, and we not only ended her troubles and made things soft for her permanently, but we made her respectable—and that she hadn't ever been before. And now, after we've poured out those Atlantics of benefits upon this aged outcast, lo! and behold you, we are asked to come forward and set up a monument to her! Go to. Let her set up a monument to us if she wants to do the clean thing.

But suppose your statue represented her old, bent, clothed in rags, downcast, shame-faced, with the insults and humiliation of 6,000 years, imploring a crust and an hour's rest, for God's sake, at our back door?—come, now you're shouting! That's the aspect of her which we need to be reminded of, lest we forget it—not this proposed one, where she's hearty and well fed, and holds up her head and flourishes her hospitable schooner of flame, and appears to be inviting all the rest of the tramps to come over. O, go to—that is the very insolence of prosperity.

But, on the other hand—look at Adam. What have we done for Adam? Nothing. What has Adam done for us? Everything. He gave us life, he gave us death, he gave us heaven, he gave us hell. These are inestimable privileges—and remember, not one of them should we have had without Adam. Well, then, he ought to have a monument—for Evolution is steadily and surely abolishing him; and we must get up a monument, and be quick about it, or our children's children will grow up ignorant that there ever was an Adam. With trifling alterations, this present statue will answer very well for Adam. You can turn that blanket into an ulster without any trouble; part the hair on the side, or conceal the sex of his head with a fire helmet, and at once he's a man; put a harp and a halo and a palm branch in the left hand to symbolize a part of what Adam did for us, and leave the fire-basket just where it is, to symbolize the rest. My friend, the father of life and death and taxes, has been neglected long enough. Shall this infamy be allowed to go on or shall it stop right here?

Is it but a question of finance? Behold the inclosed (paid bank) checks. Use them freely as they are freely contributed. Heaven knows I would there were a ton of them; I would send them all to you, for my heart is in this sublime work!

Where Water is as Precious as Gold.

Flagstaff a year ago was an unredeemed Inferno; now it is for the most part quiet and of good repute. It owes its permanency to the timber business. From Northwestern Arizona down to the southeast into Western New Mexico stretches a vast belt of magnificent pine forest. Here the belt is cut by the railroad just under the shadow of the San Francisco Mountains. The trees are of extraordinary height, very straight and huge in their proportions. Between them there is no undergrowth—all is clear and open. Here and there the openings widen out into beautiful natural parks, clothed with a rich growth of grass. No finer cattle country could be imagined, save for the lack of water.

Water is almost literally as precious as gold. Men go out prospecting for springs just as the miner searches for croppings of ore. He who secures a spring can control thousands of acres of land. But the springs are few, often small, and not always trustworthy. The Little Antelope spring, which supplies the cluster of cabins hard by, sometimes runs dry. Then water is hauled in barrels for miles and sold like any other commodity. The saw-mill, which runs out a hundred thousand feet of lumber a day to supply a contract of 32,000,000 feet for the Mexican Central Railway, is run by steam power. Yet for this it is necessary to pump the water in pipes from springs nine miles away. At Winslow the railroad company sunk an artesian well 1,700 feet and struck salt water. At Ash Fork they sunk another well, which proved a failure.

From the line of New Mexico the railroad runs for many miles through the barren valley of the Rio Puerco. The river-bed is broad, but the stream itself is only a scanty rivulet. Yet when there comes one of the sudden, fierce thunder-storms peculiar to this region the plains are flooded, and in an hour the river becomes a raging torrent. I have seen this happen again and again, for it is the rainy season now; but in a few hours the water disappears, the torrents plunge into underground water-courses and the sands are parched as before. It has been suggested that huge stone tanks be constructed to hold the water, instead of permitting it to flow off at once. The suggestion seems a good one. Artesian wells have never obtained much success in the western country, and the water problem remains one of vital importance.—*New York Tribune.*

A Dry Humorist.

A tramp sauntered into a bar-room on Washington street, and, after looking about the place, went up to a quartet of gentlemen and began to relate a cock-and-bull story of his past life. Noticing the derision on the faces of the auditors, he continued: "That's right; don't b'lieve me, do you? That's right; laugh away at a feller."

"Look here, my man," said one of the parties addressed, "who can help laughing at your improbable story? What do you tell such a mess of lies for? Why don't you tell the truth?"

"My friend," replied the sharp, "my friend, I tell you that story to make you laugh. I tell that tale," and the chap closed one eye, "for the purpose of raising a smile." The hint was not unheeded, and the man adjourned to the next liquor shop to try the same game. He must have been successful, for a policeman was seen soon afterward carrying the dry humorist to the lookup.—*Boston Courier.*

Worsting Henry Watterson.

In one of the boxes at Macauley's Theater the other night sat Henry Watterson and his wife and daughter. Mr. Watterson is a man of distinguished ability, and as the editor of *The Courier-Journal* is widely known beyond the border of his state and section. Physically he is not attractive, his legs are short and his body long and fat; he has a large head, one leaping, restless light-blue eye, light-brown hair that grows in the greatest profusion all over his head, and which, in front, falls over a massive forehead, which is the most attractive feature of the man. Mr. Watterson's success as an editor is due to great natural ability, and to a style based on and growing out of a profound knowledge of English literature, acquired by years of careful study and exhaustive reading. Mr. Watterson is also a very fine linguist, and so fine are his ear and touch in respect to music that he has been called "a blonde edition of Blind Tom." He has no political opponents here worthy of his steel. In former days Mr. Kelly, then as now editor of *The Louisville Commercial*, used to cross blades with him occasionally, but only once did Kelly come off with his colors flying. It happened in this way: For some days Watterson and Kelly had been hammering away, discussing some political question, which finally lost its political and assumed a personal aspect. In reply to a sharp criticism of Kelly, Watterson intimated that if it were not for his scarcity of eyesight he would like to take a shot at Mr. Kelly, but that this was an insuperable obstacle, as he felt confident that he could not hit a barn-door, much less Mr. Kelly. Kelly retorted by saying that Mr. Watterson had on several occasions invited him to have a shot, but always hastened to add that he could not see, and that, although he might be placed most advantageously and furnished with a crack pistol, still he felt that he could not hit anything.

"Now," said Mr. Kelly, "I do not know what to do with Mr. Watterson. He wants to fight, and yet he can not fight on account of physical disabilities. I desire to state that I will not fight Mr. Watterson, but some evening after the theater, if Mr. Watterson will kindly remain in his sanctum, I will drop in and spank him and thus settle all old scores."

This put the laugh on Mr. Watterson and ended the discussion for the time. —*Louisville Cor. Milwaukee Sentinel.*

A Battle With Bears.

Frank Webb, the hunter, came to town on Saturday. His face is torn and he can hardly hobble along. To a reporter he said: "I was hunting between the Michigan and the Canadian, in the North Park, and had two partners. We were camped in a little park and were killing elk. On the morning of the 1st of November I got up early and left the boys sleeping in the tent. I had traveled probably half a mile and was keeping a good lookout for game, when, to my eternal amazement I found myself within sixty yards of three bears. I fired at the she bear, and as the bullet struck her she sprang to the side of her cub, as if to protect it, and then gave me one glance and started. My next shot was the supreme effort of my life. See here, the bullet cut the left jugular and passed in between the shoulder and the body. This shot caused her to stop and turn, and by the time she got to rights I was ready again. She came on slowly and when within twenty feet of me I broke her neck.

"I had no time to congratulate myself, for behind her and not more than forty yards from me came that black bear and the cub. My first shot at the cinnamon or black bear struck him between the eyes and glanced upwards. My next shot split his brisket and touched the point of his heart, but the way that beast stayed would have done honor to a ward politician. He came toward me with eyes like coals, mouth wide open, blood streaming from both nostrils and his large body coming through the air like a solid shot. I knew that I had but one more chance for stopping him "in three rounds" and as in other cases, I tried to break his neck. The ball passed through his neck but failed to touch the spine.

"I dropped my gun as I rose and drew my knife at the instant he struck me. The shock was terrible. I must have turned several back handsprings, but was on my feet in an instant. As he arose on his hind legs, I saw how terrible was my antagonist. His hot blood seemed to burn my skin and to nerve me for the encounter. I clutched his right front leg with my left hand and plunged my knife to the handle in his huge body. The next moment I was in his deadly embrace. I felt his sharp claws pass through my clothing and enter the muscles of my back. I tried to use my right arm but I could not even breathe. Just as I had given up all hopes his powerful arms relaxed and he fell dead."

"And the cub?"

"Oh, I settled the cub and crawled to camp."—*Denver Republican.*

Two ladies fresh from the æsthetic circles of Philadelphia were visiting the British Museum. One of them was fat without being fair, and closely hugging sixty. The other was fair without being fat, and might have been twenty. The daughter had entered the gallery of Greek statues, taken one hurried glance and returned covered with blushes. "Don't be a fool, what's the matter with you, Hannah—why don't you go in?" said the mother, giving the girl a push. "Oh—no—not yet," protested the trembling creature, "I couldn't do it, mamma. They've been bathing the statues and haven't put on their clothes yet."

Among the Omaha Indians, a child who has lost its father or mother is considered an orphan. Its particular place is gone, and it passes into the "gens." If it is the father who dies the mother loses all her maternal rights. Each child, unless of very tender age, will be separated from the mother, and will go into the family of some one of the father's relatives. It may thereafter be claimed as his own child by the male head of the family to which it has been allotted. This separation of a widow from her children is permanent. She usually marries again, and in that event is not burdened with her offspring by previous husbands.

Colonel Tim Buford, who assassinated Judge M. Elliott, in Frankfort, Ky., a year or so since, and who was convicted of the crime and sentenced to prison for life, given a new trial and then acquitted upon the ground of insanity; then sent to the lunatic asylum at Anchorage, and after remaining a short time made his escape and went to Jeffersonville, where he now lives, has written a letter to a prominent lawyer at Frankfort, in which he says: "My health is delicate, my board bill is unpaid, and I have not enough clothes to cover my person."

SWORD SWALLOWERS.

How Professionals Train Themselves for These Daring Feats.

When a physician introduces his finger, the handle of a spoon or a pencil into the throat of a patient, the latter experiences an extremely disagreeable sensation. Any touching, however slight it may be, of the pharynx causes strangling, pain and nausea, and the organ reacts with violence against the obstruction that presents itself to free respiration. There is no one who has not experienced more than once the disagreeable sensation, and for this reason we are justly surprised when we meet with people who seem to be proof against it, and who, for example, introduce into their pharynx large, solid and stiff objects like sword blades, and cause them to penetrate to a depth that seems incredible. It is experiments of this kind that constitute the tricks of the sword swallowers.

Those experiments are nearly always the same. The individual comes out dressed in a brilliant costume. At one side of him are flags of different nationalities surrounding a panoply of sabres, swords, and yatgans, and at the other a stack of guns provided with bayonets. Taking a flat sabre, whose blade and hilt have been cut out of the same sheet of metal, the blade being from 55 to 60 centimeters in length, he introduces its extremity

INTO HIS THROAT,

taps the hilt gently, and the blade at length disappears. He then repeats the experiment in swallowing the sword at a single gulp. Subsequently, after swallowing and disgorging two of these same swords, he causes one to penetrate up to its guard, a second not quite so far, a third a little less still, and a fourth up to about half of its length.

Pressing, now, on the hilts, he swallows all four blades at a gulp; and then takes them out leisurely, one by one. The effect is quite surprising. After swallowing several swords and sabres, he takes an old musket, armed with a triangular bayonet, and swallows the latter, the gun remaining vertical over his head. Finally he borrows a large sabre from a dragoon who is present for the purpose, and causes two thirds of it to disappear. As a trick, on being encored, the sword swallower borrows a cane from a person in the audience and swallows it almost entirely.

A certain number of the spectators usually think the performer produces an illusion by the aid of some trick, and that it is impossible to swallow a sword blade. But this is a mistake, for sword-swallowers who employ artifices are few in number and their experiments but slightly varied, while the majority really do introduce into their mouth and food passages the blades that they cause to disappear.

The back parts of the mouth, in spite of their sensitiveness and rebellion against contact with solid bodies, are capable of becoming so changed through habit that they gradually get used to abnormal contacts. This fact is taken advantage of in medicine. It daily happens that persons are afflicted with disorders of the throat or stomach and can no longer swallow or take nourishment, and would die of exhaustion were they not fed artificially by means of

THE OESOPHAEGAL TUBE.

This latter is a vulcanized rubber tube which the patient swallows after the manner of sword-swallowers, and through the extremity of which an aid introduces milk and bouillon. But the patient, before being able to make daily use of the apparatus, must serve a genuine apprenticeship. The first introduction of the end of the tube into the pharynx is extremely painful, the second a little less so, and it is only after a large number of trials more or less prolonged, that the patient succeeds in swallowing thirty or forty centimeters of the tubing without a disagreeable sensation.

The washing out of the stomach, performed by means of a long, flexible tube, which the patient partially swallows, and with which he injects into and removes from his stomach a quantity of tepid water by raising the tube or letting it hang down like a siphon, likewise necessitates an apprenticeship of some days; but the patient succeeds in accustoming his organs to contact with the tube, and is finally able to swallow the tube, after a short time, with indifference if not satisfaction.

With these sword-swallowers it is absolutely the same; for, with them, it is only as a consequence of repeated trial that the pharynx becomes sufficiently accustomed to it to permit them to finally swallow objects as large and rigid as swords, sabres, canes, and even billiard cues.—*La Nature.*

Cautious Mr. Huntington.

"Huntington, the New York railway magnate, is a very cautious man," a Wall street operator told me recently. "He never gets left where prudence will save him. For instance, not long ago an acquaintance of mine who had been having some transactions with Huntington went into his office and attempted to carry a certain point by persistently claiming that Mr. Huntington had said so and so during a previous conversation.

"My memory is very poor on such things," said the magnate.

"Mine is excellent; it is as fresh as if it were yesterday," remarked my acquaintance.

"The fact is, my memory is so poor I dare not trust it, and I never dispute my friends in whom I have confidence," continued Mr. Huntington.

"Thank you, thank you; I know I am right, I know I am!" ejaculated my now confident acquaintance, who was delightfully thinking that by this little stroke he would be a few thousands better off than if he hadn't suspected the railway man's defective memory.

"Very likely you are right—very likely," quietly said Mr. Huntington. "But, William! William! bring your book, turn to Jan. 4, 1883, and see what it was I said to Mr. W."

The stenographer stepped out from behind his little screen, brought out his little book, and my friend's little game was up.

"Your memory isn't as good as you thought it was," said Huntington. "William, perhaps you had better write out what the gentleman has been saying here to-day and read it to him so he won't forget it."

As Huntington grinned at this cruel sarcasm, my discomfited friend suddenly remembered that he had an engagement with his brother and hastened away.—*Memphis Avalanche.*

Judge W. R. Rankin, of Ohio, brought up four boys and educated them well for the professions. They finally chose the profession of music and are minstrels on the road.

Ministers of the gospel are, by the constitution of Maryland, ineligible to the legislature.

Etiquette for Chinese Women.

A young girl walking in the street must not turn her head round; nor at home is she to glance slyly at visitors. She is to remember, moreover, that girls who are always laughing and talking are not esteemed; and that virtuous women have been honored from the earliest times. The philosopher, Mendse, grieved when he saw his mother break her shuttle; the woman Tsoun threw herself on to a sword in order to save her husband's life; the mother of Ao, being so poor that she could not buy writing materials, taught her son to read by tracing characters in the sand. Women should be able to read, write and use the counting machine, so as to be in a position to direct a household. They should read books of piety and stories of morality in action, while avoiding love-poetry, songs and anecdotes. Women should be reserved; and they are briefly enjoined never to occupy themselves with other people's affairs. Men ought never to talk of domestic matters, while women should never talk of anything else. While a visitor is in the drawing-room the lady of the house should not be heard raising her voice in the kitchen. Women are not to paint their faces and wear striking colors, for the insufficient reason that if they do men will look at them. Young women, as well as young men, are to be dutiful to their parents and always in a good humor, even when their father and mother are not. They are to ask them whether they are hot or whether they are cold, to take them food and drink and to furnish them with new boots and shoes. When a young girl is grown up and married to an honest man she must not forget her parents, and once or twice a year must ask permission of her husband to go and see them. "From the highest antiquity until the present day the rule in marriage has been that the husband commands and the wife obeys." Virtue for a wife consists in having an equal temper, and to arrive at this much must be supported. "If the first has not the happiness to give her husband a male child, he chooses a person he loves in order to have by her a son who will continue his line. It is necessary, under these circumstances," says the "Manual," "not to give way to jealousy, but to live together on friendly terms in the same house. At present great dissensions take place between first and second wives. Out of a hundred first wives you will scarcely find one or two of a sweet and affable disposition. I have taken great pains," adds the author, "in writing this paragraph. Do not read it thoughtlessly." If, however, he had been more thoughtful himself, it might have occurred to him that the want of sweetness and affability which he deplores in supplanted "first wives" is the result less of character than of circumstances, and that it would show itself equally in second wives if they in their turn were to be replaced.

The Old Timer.

The old time political editor who was once such a power in the land is out of a situation. The loss of his power was not a sudden fall, but a gradual wasting away. He gave up his place of importance reluctantly, for when the proprietor of the paper went in and told him that his services were no longer required, he looked up in a dazed sort of way, as though he did not understand.

"You have been with the paper a long time," the proprietor says, "and have done much effective work, but your style of composition is no longer popular. You are a man of learning; I know, and can sling Latin with a classic flourish, and call an opponent out to fight with a graceful translation from the original Greek, but we don't want any more of that kind of business. If any fighting must be done after this, the horse whip instead of the hair-triggered Derringer will be employed. That young fellow over there will take your place. I know that he hasn't much learning and don't believe he ever had a profound thought, but he has a way of saying things in a pointed manner. He runs over the news of the day with lamb-like friskiness and leaves lively tracks that take with the people. He cannot whip a politician into line, but he can shoot paragraphs at him until he drops in or out as the case may be. I hate to see you totter away, knowing that you came in with such a firm tread, but your style is too antiquated for a newspaper of to-day. You, although old, are now eminently qualified for more serious writing, and I advise you to take charge of the humorous department of a magazine. There your time-honored sprightliness and octogenarian appreciation of a joke will find its merited reward. You have succeeded for many years in keeping the young men down, and the public has assisted you, but some of the young fellows have started a paper and are making such inroads on our circulation and advertising patronage that we are compelled to adopt their style."

The old fellow makes no reply, but totters away. He feels that the newspaper world has had its day. He talks to his old time friends, and they agree with him, but the paper goes up with wonderful rapidity after his weight is taken from it. Poor old fellow. The magazine is now his only hold.—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

A Wife's Admiration.

Sir Arthur Wellesley, before he became the Duke of Wellington, married a charming Irish lady—Catherine Pakenham. They had been long attached to each other, and the marriage took place just after he had returned from his brilliant career in India. During his absence of eleven years she never once wrote to him, yet her affection was constant.

When Lady Wellesley was presented to Queen Charlotte, her Majesty said: "I am happy to see at my court so bright an example of constancy. But did you really never write one letter to Sir Arthur during his long absence?"

"No, never, your Majesty."

"And did you never think of him?"

"Yes, your Majesty, very often."

She was proud of her husband's reputation, but prouder of the fact that he merited it. Just before her death, she was visited by friends who found her lying on a sofa in a room filled with the magnificent presents of cities, kingdoms and sovereigns. When the visitors gazed upon them with admiration, the Duchess exclaimed, with a weak voice:

"All tributes to merit! There's the value! All pure, no corruption even! That could not be said of the Duke of Marlborough!"—*Youth's Companion.*

Boston isn't as much of a hub as it was, and to-day began to get up and go to bed by Philadelphia time. But the people of Beacon Hill feel so rejoiced over the downfall of bad Benjamin Butler that they would set their watches by the Tewksbury meridan, if any respectable person asked them to do so. —*Philadelphia Telegraph.*

THE LOST TRAIN.

At 7 o'clock in the evening, on the 29th of August, 1881, there stood on the railway platform of the little station of Silver Bow seven persons. Silver Bow is a new settlement on one of the numerous branches of the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railroad. Twenty miles southwest of Silver Bow on the same track, is Lone Tomb. A like distance beyond this place lies Blue Canyon, and still farther Golconda City, where the line terminates. Five of these persons had bought tickets for the Atlantic express. They were waiting to take the momentarily expected train for Topeka, there to change cars and reach New York by way of Chicago. The remaining two individuals were the ticket agent and a telegraph operator.

On the platform of Lone Tomb were a dozen persons, among them a party consisting of a bride and groom, just married, and a mysterious stranger, dressed in a long, black cloak and a slouch hat, who glanced furtively, from time to time, at the happy pair. The train from Blue Canyon came slowly into Lone Tomb, and the passengers soon took their seats, the bride and groom going into the parlor car, and the mysterious stranger entering the smoker. There were a few interchanges of courtesies between the loiterers on the platform and the conductor, brakemen and engineer, then the bell of the locomotive rang, and the train moved on the single track toward Silver Bow.

There was not a great deal of traffic on this branch of the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe. But two trains ran daily, Sundays excepted, through the seventy miles of wild but fairly level country, that had occasionally been well traversed by the James boys and other desperadoes, for the United States express car often carried in its safe a large amount of specie. The train that had just left Lone Tomb was known as "No. 67." It consisted of a Pullman palace parlor sleeper, a smoker, an ordinary passenger coach, a baggage car, a United States express and a caboose. The conductor, Jem Harris, was an Antietam hero, and favorably known throughout Kansas, Colorado, New Mexico and Texas. The engineer, Tim Tierman, enjoyed equally as much popularity, not solely on account of his good nature, but also for his skill in the game of poker. In remote regions such as these the arrival and departure of the train is, outside of an occasional lynching, the only excitement, and the trainmen are looked upon very much as were the driver and guard in the old coaching days in England.

"We're twenty minutes behind time," said Conductor Harris to Engineer Tiernan. "Shake her up, Tim; we'll get to Silver Bow by 7."

The seven persons on the platform at Silver Bow toward 7 o'clock looked anxiously up the track for "No. 67," but there were no signs of it; 7:15 o'clock, and still the well-known whistle, which could be heard often at a distance of three miles, had not echoed through the thickly-wooded hills. This was not unusual, "67" had been at times half an hour late. As the Silver Bow passengers were beginning to get impatient, the telegraph operator wired to Lone Tomb and asked at what time the train left. The answer soon came:

"'No. 67,' in charge of Harris, left here for Silver Bow at 6:20. Fair load."

"Well," remarked the ticket agent who was in charge of the station, "she must be along in a few minutes now."

The passengers were satisfied and content to wait. They walked up and down the platform and rested occasionally on their trunks and baggage, which were piled up ready to be deposited in the baggage car of "67."

It was now 8 o'clock and almost dark, without any indications of the approach of the train. Those who before had been impatient now became alarmed, especially the step-mother of the bridegroom, who, with his father, intended accompanying the young people as far as Topeka, as neither had been able to be present at the wedding. The telegraph operator, at the request of the ticket agent, wired once more to Lone Tomb as follows:

"'No. 67' not yet arrived. What's wrong?"

Lone Tomb replied:

"Must be all right; perhaps hot box. Good night—going home."

"It is 9 o'clock," said the ticket agent to the tired and anxious persons on the platform, as he looked at his watch, "something must have happened, but I don't think it can be anything serious. A piece of machinery may have got out of order and Tim Tiernan's repairing it. I guess '67' will turn up by and by in good shape." The ticket agent talked in this way to keep up the spirits of the others, but it was easy to see by his forced jollity that he did not like the looks of things. "What can have happened?" he muttered to himself. "She can't have jumped the track or jumped into the little creek—or have the James boys got aboard, stopped the train and shot Tim Tiernan? If anything of the sort has taken place it would be at least another hour before we could hear of it here or from Lone Tomb."

At 10:15 o'clock the ticket agent came to the conclusion that a serious mishap had befallen the train and resolved to organize a party to go up the track toward Lone Tomb and learn the cause of the detention. The first thing he did was to send to a neighboring mining camp, two miles away, to get the services of the sheriff and some of the miners to aid him in searching for the train and render the necessary assistance. Within less than an hour twenty resolute men, headed by the sheriff and the ticket agent, started for Lone Tomb. They were all well armed and a dozen of them carried lanterns. The telegraph operator and the step-mother and father of the expected bridegroom remained behind and made themselves as comfortable as they could under the circumstances. They knew that several hours must elapse before any tidings of the train could reach them. The night was dark and cloudy and only occasionally was the faint glimmer of a star visible through the overhanging firs that grew in rich luxuriance for a mile or two along the track, forming an avenue of plumed ghosts with bowing heads.

When the party had proceeded for about half an hour without seeing any trace of the train, it stopped to rest and discuss the situation. The men looked at one another as well as they could in the blackness of the wood, and for a few minutes no one spoke.

"Well," at length said the sheriff, as he rested his rifle on one of the rails of the solitary track, "I guess this is the James boys' work. We may have to have a fight after all. Who knows but they may have murdered every one on the train and gone with all the treasure [illegible] across the country, and it's almost certain they'll come this way. Keep a sharp lookout, boys; we may catch 'em. We'd better travel in military style. Advance guard, main body and rear guard."

"Perhaps it ain't the James boys at all," said a weather-beaten, red-handed miner. "The train may have tumbled over a bridge or down a ravine. Let us look on both sides of the track as we go along and ——."

"That isn't very likely," interrupted the ticket agent. "This branch is as well built as any line in the west. The rails are steel and the road is ballasted with rock. The two bridges on it are thoroughly substantial and the creeks they cross aren't big enough or deep enough to hold a horse car, much less a whole train. Besides, there isn't a ravine worth talking about within 200 yards of the track."

"Let's get along, boys, and keep our eyes open," said the sheriff, "it's of no use staying here chinning."

As the ticket agent had stated, the track between Lone Tomb and Silver Bow was a good one and beset with few dangers. It is true that there were several sharp curves, but the trains always went slowly round these. There was one bridge that crossed a shallow stream; another spanned a small mountain torrent, and above a cutting through the rocks, about seven miles from Lone Tomb, was a natural arch, formed by boulders in by-gone ages lodging in the narrow gorge. These were the only parts of the road where an accident might be likely, but at the same time highly improbable.

The light crept on and the party reached the first bridge. The gentle ripple of the stream fell on their ears as the lanterns were held close to the track. The rails, ties and frogs were intact. The parapets were in perfect condition. No train could have possibly run off the track there. Some of the men plunged into the dense undergrowth among the willows near the water and swept the scene with the lurid light of their lanterns, which flashed in the woods like huge fire flies.

The brook, for it was nothing more, flowed silently on. No railroad ever had disturbed its limpid calmness.

"We've got to keep on, boys," said the sheriff, with an air of painfully assumed cheerfulness. "We'll have '67's' headlight blazing down on us yet. She can't be far off now. We're only nine miles from Lone Tomb. We'll soon know what the trouble is."

No one had anything to add to the sheriff's remarks, so the weary, and, so far, fruitless march was resumed.

"Hanged if I don't think," exclaimed the red-bearded miner, stopping suddenly, "that the James boys has ditched the train by putting logs on the track, and we'll find the wreck before we get to One tree bridge."

One tree bridge was so called because a huge pine stood like a sentinel close to the small but petulant mountain torrent that the structure crossed. Again the lanterns were swung over the water. Again the party scattered among the trees and searched carefully for traces of the missing train and its passengers, but without the smallest measure of success.

"Guess I've had about enough of this," said the ticket agent. "Let's go back again; the company don't pay me to walk twelve or fourteen miles to look after its trains."

"Well," remarked one of the party, who had but little to say; "we've come so far, we may as well see it through. The thing ought to be followed up. Something very unusual has happened, and it is our duty to find out what it is. Who knows but we may yet come upon the corpses of all who were aboard that train."

"Oh, it ain't going to be as bad as that," said the sheriff, "but anyhow it's no use going back; 67 must be close at hand, and then when we've found out what the trouble is, we'll all have a nap at Lone Tomb and take the morning train for Silver Bow. We shall fetch up in time for breakfast."

"What licks me," the red-bearded miner blurted out, "is why some of them Lone Tomb fellows ain't found their way here before this."

"They hadn't any reason to," observed another miner who carried very conspicuously two six shooters, "as the accident happened up their way. But do any of you know what the time is?"

There was an immediate pulling out and examination of watches and then several voices chorused:

"Half after 3."

"I didn't think it was so late as that; let us push on, boys."

The gloom which had hung over the party like a pall during the earlier part of the march gave way to lightness of spirit and jocularity. The terrible fate which had probably befallen seventy or eighty human beings was apparently lost sight of for the moment. Whisky-flasks received attention. Cigars and pipes were lit, while various theories were advanced to account for the non-appearance of the missing train. One man suggested that it was taking a journey through the air attached to special balloons; another that it had been blown up with dynamite by the Nihilists; a third that the track had caved in and it was running through a private tunnel of its own. The red bearded miner seemed to think that the train saw the sheriff coming and had run around into the woods to get out of the way.

"You may joke away, gentlemen, as much as you please, but in my opinion it is no joking matter," said the ticket agent gloomily. "Here is this single track. That train left Lone Tomb at 6:20 o'clock and it hasnt got as far as this yet and it is now nearly 4 o'clock. Where can it be? There are no precipices over which it could tumble. We don't know what horrors may be in store for us. I'm almost sorry I didn't go back; this long and anxious tramp has played me out."

It was the dark hour before daylight, rendered doubly gloomy by the high rocks on each side. The track curved sharply here as it entered the narrow gorge with the natural arch of boulders. No disaster to a train had taken place on this spot. The track, the ties and everything were found to be in perfect condition. The detention from whatever cause must have occurred near Lone Tomb. The mystefied and tired searchers became absolutely desperate with disappointment. The air grew cold and a light rain began to fall. The walking, too, was difficult, owing to the thicket on both sides of the track, the tangled underbrush and felled trees.

"We shall soon know the worst," said the sheriff, who had been a soldier, "but we may as well do the right thing up to the handle. We'll form in extended line, so that we can cover some of the ground in these woods, though I don't see very well how a train could get there anyway."

The line was formed as suggested just as the faint streaks of dawn appeared. The ground was carefully examined, the prickly branches of the underbrush [illegible] clothes of several of the party. Now the track again turned abruptly, and then came open and very level country, with wooded purple hills in the distance, looking shadowy in the dim, gray dawn. The regular order of march was again taken up. There was no longer any conversation; everybody felt exhausted. Suddenly there was a loud cry. It was a shout of unmistakable joy.

"Hurrah! I see her. I see the light—the headlight of Tiernan's locomotive."

"Where!" all asked at once.

"There, right ahead on the track, as straight as you can look," answered the red bearded miner who had made the discovery. "What the blooming blazes can he be doing there," he added.

"I'll be shot if I can see any blamed headlight."

"Why, sheriff, you can't help seeing it," said the ticket agent. "Just follow my finger."

"Oh! I've got it now."

Everybody saw it and felt elated in consequence. The long tramp was forgotten. The light loomed larger each minute through the gray morning mist. The party no longer walked hurriedly; their object was achieved. There they would find the train still on the track, without having been rifled by the James boys. It was probably some trifling accident to the locomotive that Tim Tiernan was waiting for daylight to repair. The whole crowd could now run back with conductor Jim Harris to breakfast and Silver Bow. And what a splendid joke was this hunt for "67." It would be in all the newspapers and written up by professional humorists and cause no end of fun. The now light-hearted wayfarers walked briskly on. They "spurted" a little as there was still some distance to go before coming up to the gleaming headlight. Indeed the outlines of the train could not be distinguished in the early morning darkness; the misty atmosphere making the light on the open and level country appear nearer than it really was.

"Well, boys," said the sheriff, "this may be the last time I may have to address you as a body. I think we all ought to be proud of our work. We've stood the rain, the cold and the tramp without flinching, and I'll see that the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe takes care of us."

"Let's get it over as soon as possible. What d'ye say to a run?" suggested the ticket agent. "We've been walking all the time."

"Good," was the response from a dozen husky throats.

"A run be it, then!" exclaimed the sheriff. "Forward! Double quick."

The whole party set off towards the light at a high rate of speed. The now damp earth resounded with the quick measured tread of the courageous little band. The headlight was at hand. Another couple of hundred yards and they would reach it. The runners breathed hard; but there would be rest in a minute or two. Hurrah! the red-bearded miner is the first to disappear in the mist ahead of the others. He must be on the train by this time. The sheriff is a good second. There was a deep growl of disappointment. The light from the fixed lamp of kerosene with bright reflector threw its rays over the excited men and the bare railroad track, and they looked up and read by the faint daylight, the legend, "Lone Tomb," above the platform of the station.

R. B. VALENTINE.

NOTE.—The question is, what became of the train? The author does not know.—*Manhattan Magazine.*

Advice to Young Authors.

The Philadelphia *Call* advises young authors as follows: "Above all things remember that the only way to get a thing printed is to see the editor personally. Editors don't go by the matter in a manuscript. They go by the looks of the writer. Besides that, time hangs very heavy on the hands of people around newspaper offices, and it is difficult to see what would become of them if would-be contributors did not call once in a while to talk about their articles or play checkers. Be careful, however, in ascending to the editorial rooms to skip the double-acting spring step which is always somewhere along the stairs, and turns over, landing visitors in the cellar. This is not meant for contributors, but for peddlers, and nothing so worries an editor as to find some contributor's bones among those of the peddlers when it comes to an annual cellar cleaning.

A gentleman out in Howell county caught a gang of young quail last spring, and concluded he would see if he could domesticate them. His efforts to domesticate this noble game bird, it seems, have proved very successful. The birds feed and chirp about his premises, gentle as chickens, and it is said they have a very interesting knack of imitating almost every bird they hear. The only evidence of their wild nature which they seem to retain is a habit they have of flying away daily, but always coming back regularly at the proper time.—*St. Louis Globe Democrat.*

Billiards was invented by a London pawn-broker by the name of William Kew about the middle of the sixteenth century. In wet weather when business was dull Kew took down the three balls and punched them around on his counter with a yard-stick. The board and side pockets suggested themselves later, and the cue used evidently took its name from the old inventor.

Divine Compassion.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Long since, dream of heaven I had,
And still the vision haunts me oft;
I see the saints in white robes clad,
The martyrs with their palms aloft;
But hearing still in middle song
The ceaseless dissonance of wrong,
And shrinking, with hid faces, from the strain
Of sad, beseeching eyes, full of remorse and pain.

The glad song falters to a wail;
The harping sinks to low lament;
Before the still uplifted veil
I see the crowned foreheads bent,
Making more sweet the heavenly air,
With breathings of unselfish prayer;
And a Voice saith: "O Pity which is pain,
O Love that weeps, fill up my sufferings which remain!

"Shall souls redeemed by me refuse
To share my sorrow in their turn?
Or, sin forgiven, my gift abuse
Of peace with selfish unconcern?
Has saintly ease no pitying care?
Has faith no work, and love no prayer?
While sin remains, and souls in darkness dwell,
Can heaven itself be heaven, and look unmoved on hell?"

Then through the Gates of Pain, I dream,
A wind of heaven blows coolly in;
Fainter the [illegible] discords seem,
The smoke of torment grows more thin;
Tears quench the burning soil, and thence
Spring [illegible] of penitence;
And through the dreary realm of man's despair,
Star-crowned, an angel walks, and, lo! God's hope is there!

Is it a dream? Is heaven so high
That pity cannot breathe its air?
Its happy eyes forever dry,
Its holy lips without a prayer?
My God! my God! if thither led
By thy free grace unmerited,
No crown nor palm be mine, but let me keep
A heart that still can feel, and eyes that still can weep.

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If it were possible

to get the testimony of the multitude who have used HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA for debility, languor, lassitude, and that general feeling of stupidity, weariness and exhaustion which every one feels during this season, we should be able to present to our readers such an overwhelming mass of commendatory messages, that the few who have not tried it would do so at once. It is a positive fact, and has been so effectually demonstrated that no one to-day denies it, that Hood's Sarsaparilla contains more real medicinal value than any article before the people.

What a Man Did with Kidney Complaint

DRACUT, MASS.
MESSRS. C. I. HOOD & Co., Lowell, Mass.:

Dear Sirs—I have suffered from kidney complaint and biliousness for fifteen years. Have tried everything and never got any good. Last January, before I commenced taking HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA, everything I ate bloated me all up, pain in my chest and arms, headache and dizzy. I could not get up without feeling weary and all fagged out. Many mornings I was obliged to lie down on the lounge. To do any work seemed almost impossible. Have taken two bottles. The backache, dizziness, pain in my chest and arms, and that feeling of intense weariness are all gone. I can eat anything and it does not press me at all. Feel just like work; in fact, like a new man. Can heartily recommend HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA, and hope all who desire to know anything about it will come to me and ask what I think of it. Very truly yours,
JONATHAN J. COBURN.

HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA

Works through the blood, *regulating, toning* and *invigorating* all the functions of the body.
Sold by druggists. Price $1, or six for $5.
C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

TOBACCO CHEWERS
A REWARD
Of $555 CASH, 1,000 Imported Novelty Pocket Knives and 5,000 pounds of the Great
ZOO-ZOO
CHEWING TOBACCO TO BE GIVEN AWAY!

EVERY CONSUMER saving over 90 tags will be REWARDED. $100 to 1st, $90 to 2d, $80 to 3d, $70 to 4th, $60 to 5th, $50 to 6th, $40 to 7th, $30 to 8th, $20 to 9th, $10 to 10th, $5 to 11th. 1,000 Imported Pocket Knives worth $1 each, and 5,000 pounds ZOO-ZOO Plug Tobacco, to be given in rotation, the largest number of tags returned will receive the first reward, $100 Cash, second highest, $90, and so on down to a 10ct. plug of ZOO-ZOO tobacco. These Christmas and New Year rewards will be distributed between December 25th and January 1st. Chew this delightful tobacco, the best ever made. Save the tags and send them by mail, between December 15th and 25th, to the
WILSON & McCALLAY TOBACCO CO.
MIDDLETOWN, OHIO.
☞ Cut address out and paste on Envelope.
This is THE FINEST POUND PLUG EVER MADE.
ASK YOUR DEALER FOR ZOO-ZOO.
☞ Insist on having it and you will use no other.

TID BITS
"*A delicate bit, a rarity, a choice thing*"—*Encyclopedia*
SOLD BY STOREKEEPERS!
H. A. BARTLETT & CO., Makers,
113, 115 and 117 N. Front St., Phila, Pa.

(*Continued from last week.*)

How Watch Cases are Made.

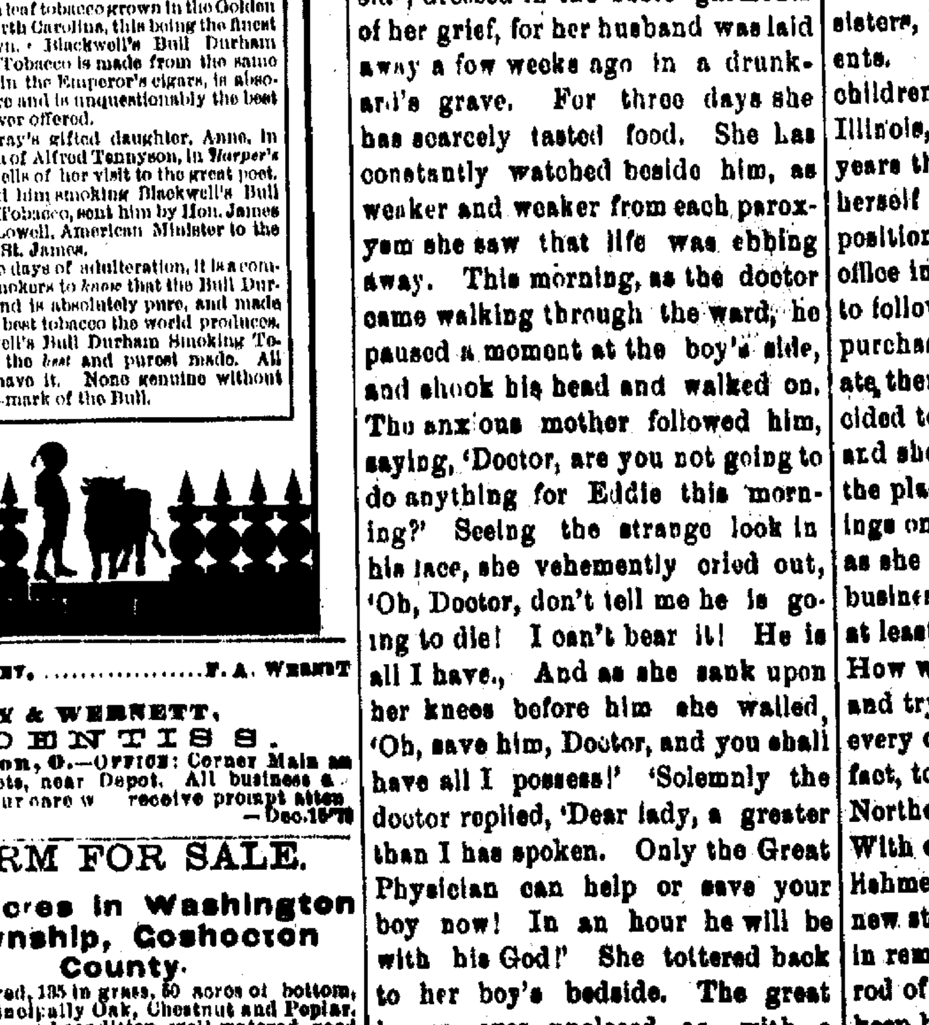
In 1875, thirteen men comprised the entire working force used in the manufacture of the *James Boss' Gold Watch Case*. Now over *five hundred* are employed, and the number is constantly increasing. The reason of this increase is this: In the *James Boss' Gold Watch Case* all the metal in sight and subject to wear is *solid gold*, while the remainder, which only lends strength to the case, is of stronger metal than gold, giving gold where gold is needed, and strong, elastic metal where strength and elasticity are needed, a combination producing a watch case *better* than solid gold and at ONE-HALF the cost.

Over 200,000 of these cases have been sold, and every jeweler in the country can testify to their quality and merit.

LUDINGTON, MICH., Dec. 5, 1882.
E. W. Marsh, of the *Democrat*, bought a Jas. Boss' Gold Watch case 18 years ago, and carried it until a short time ago, when I purchased it, and sold it to a customer. The case showed no signs of wear, except that natural to any case, and I am satisfied can be safely guaranteed for at least ten years more. I have sold the James Boss' Gold Watch Case for many years, and the parties who bought the first ones are carrying them to-day, as well satisfied as though they had bought a solid gold case costing twice the money. I regard them as the only cases of this kind a jeweler should sell who desires to give his customers the worth of their money or values his reputation.
WM. J. GUSHWAY, *Jeweler.*

Send 3 cent stamp to Keystone Watch Case Factories, Philadelphia, Pa., for handsome Illustrated Pamphlet showing how James Boss' and Keystone Watch Cases are made.

(*To be Continued.*)



R. E. FINLEY, ...F. A. WERNETT
FINLEY & WERNETT,
DENTISTS.
Coshocton, O.—OFFICE: Corner Main and Fifth Streets, near Depot. All business entrusted to our care will receive prompt attention. —Dec.15'78

FARM FOR SALE.
193 Acres in Washington Township, Coshocton County.

145 cleared, 135 in grass, 50 acres of bottom, timber principally Oak, Chestnut and Poplar. Farm is in good condition, well watered, good spring at the kitchen door. The buildings consist of a frame house of eight rooms, a log barn 20X60, log stable, a grain house 24X36, corn crib and wagon shed, and other out buildings; 2 young orchards of apples, peaches and grapes. Two miles from New Moscow, 8 from Wakatomika. Convenient to church and school. For further information address
JOHN P. HAMILTON,
Nov24-3m. Wakatomika, O.

E. J. STICKLE. SAM. H. NICHOLAS
STICKLE & NICHOLAS,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW.
OFFICE in City Hall Building,
COSHOCTON, OHIO

The Wine-cup at Home.

Mrs. Emma Molloy in Home Gazette.

Social customs that put wine upon the table in the home are terrible cords about the victims. Lightly, softly they drop around him, till ere he is aware he is enchained.

A dear friend of mine married and moved to the city of Memphis. A few years later I visited her in her elegant home, which was all that the most luxuriant and refined taste could suggest. As I sat in the elegant drawing room and looked about me, I thanked God that the lines of my friend's fate had fallen in such pleasant places. A beautiful boy sat beside her at the table as we sat down to dinner.

There was no cloud to mar the pleasure of that visit until wine was brought upon the table. Pouring out some in a delicate crystal glass, she passed it to me and said, "Emma, for once lay aside your old fanatical ideas and have a glass of this California wine with me. I assure you it is harmless." I declined, expressing my surprise to find wine upon her table. She replied by saying: "O, the customs of the social circle in which we move demand it, and I am inclined to think there is no use in making one's self ridiculously radical." As the wine was set back at her plate the chubby hands of the two-year old boy clasped the delicate glass, and it never left his lips until he had drained it to the dregs! I looked in horror, and said to her: "Jeanie, do you know what you are doing? You have no right to commit arson in your own flesh and blood!" She arose from the table with an offended air and said: "Oh, don't let us have any temperance lectures! I intend to teach him to drink moderately, and if he has it in the house, he will not be nearly so apt to drink away from home." I watched the strange glitter in the child's eye, and saw the color mounting to his cheeks, and as I pressed him to my heart I involuntarily prayed, Oh! God, show Jeanie her danger before it is too late! I noticed when her husband came from the city that night, the smell of liquor was upon his breath, and I felt that I could see "the little cloud no bigger than a man's hand" rising out of the heaven of my friend's home, and when I bade her good-bye, my caresses were never so tender nor my kisses so fervent as when inwardly I prayed that the awakening might come ere it was too late.

The tides of years rolled between us. The war with its direful pen wrote its dread autograph upon many homes in the land. I lost my friend for years. I was visiting a hospital to see a friend who was nurse there, and as she welcomed me I observed she had been weeping. Inquiring the cause of her sorrow, she said, "Oh, such a dreadful tragedy has been enacted here this morning." She told me to come with her. We went down into one of the wards, and there on a cot was the form of a young man with such look of horror frozen on the dear face that I turned away with a shudder and said: "Would you mind telling me about it?" She replied: "Several days ago he was brought here raving in delirium. He called for his mother continually. I found a letter in his pockets from his mother, and at once telegraphed the situation. As fast as steam could bring her she came to his bedside, dressed in the sable garments of her grief, for her husband was laid away a few weeks ago in a drunkard's grave. For three days she has scarcely tasted food. She has constantly watched beside him, as weaker and weaker from each paroxysm she saw that life was ebbing away. This morning, as the doctor came walking through the ward, he paused a moment at the boy's side, and shook his head and walked on. The anxious mother followed him, saying, 'Doctor, are you not going to do anything for Eddie this morning?' Seeing the strange look in his face, she vehemently cried out, 'Oh, Doctor, don't tell me he is going to die! I can't bear it! He is all I have., And as she sank upon her knees before him she wailed, 'Oh, save him, Doctor, and you shall have all I possess!' 'Solemnly the doctor replied, 'Dear lady, a greater than I has spoken. Only the Great Physician can help or save your boy now! In an hour he will be with his God!' She tottered back to her boy's bedside. The great brown eyes unclosed as, with a moan, she sank on her knees by his cot. Her agitation alarmed him, and he exclaimed, 'What is it, mother; am I dying?' 'Oh! Eddie,' she cried, 'I can't save you!' And with all a mother's devotion she strove to point him to the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sins of the world. He looked at her as in a dream, while horror was in his face and tone, as catching her fiercely by the shoulder he exclaimed, 'Oh, mother, why do you mock me with words like this now? You taught me to drink at your own table. I am dying a drunkard! I shall go to a drunkard's hell! God have mercy!' His wails of terror only ceased when the last convulsive shudders seized the poor frame. There was a sudden straightening of the limbs and Eddie was dead!" As she drew the sheet back over the face, I asked, "Where is the mother?" "In a room below. It is awful to see her. Never a tear, but with a vacant stare of helpless terror, she walks the floor wringing her hands." "Take me to her," I replied; "I think we who have felt this awful sorrow know better than any one else what to say in a time like this." She led the way to the room where the bereaved mother was, but as the door swung back on its hinges, judge of my amazement to see in the little black-robed figure my old friend Jeanie. As I put my arms about her saying, "Oh, darling! is it you into whose life this black shadow has fallen?" she pushed me back with a look that showed there was no recognition there. Reason had tottered from her throne, and she moaned, "It is too late, I tell you—everlastingly too late!" and a few days later she was carried to an insane asylum, where she continually utters the helpless moan, "It is too late—everlasting too late!" Oh, mothers, are some of you sowing the seeds of a never-ending woe in your homes thoughtlessly, carelessly? Let me warn you that whatsoever we sow that also shall we reap. We can not sow the seeds of a diseased appetite and not reap a harvest of sorrow and tears.

Bishop Warren's Bride.

Denver, Colorado, Letter.

The marriage of Bishop Henry W. Warren, of Atlanta, Ga., to Mrs. Elizabeth S. Iliff, was sent out by telegraph. The story of the life of his brave and beautiful bride is yet to be given to the journal readers of the country.

About the year 1869 a young, prepossessing, modest and determined girl alighted from the coach in Denver one morning. She was, perhaps, 21 years of age, and it was evident to those who met her on the occasion of her advent in that then rather vociferous town under the mountain shadows that she had gone West with the intention of growing up with the country, as she evinced a remarkable degree of independence, softened, however, by strong womanly qualities, which soon established her high in the esteem of all with whom she came in contact. She at once made her mission known by canvassing the business portion of the city for an eligible location in which to open a store, and finally succeeded in securing a room previously occupied by the Adams Express Company, in the building owned by the proprietor of the Rocky Mountain News, and next door to the News publication office, in Larimer street. The adventuresome young lady had gone out from Chicago as the agent of the Singer Machine Company, and, among total strangers, and with but her own shrewdness and strong stamina to back her, proposed to win her support.

HER EARLY TRIALS.

It appears that when a mere infant she, with several brothers and sisters, had been left without parents. Relatives had brought the children up in some obscure town in Illinois, and when arrived at mature years the girl had struck out for herself in Chicago by securing a position as instructor in the Singer office in that city. Her duties were to follow up local agents and teach purchasers of machines how to operate them. Finally the company decided to establish the Denver agency and she applied for and was given the place, not without some misgivings on the part of the company, but as she had displayed remarkable business tact, they were satisfied to at least let her make the attempt. How well she succeeded in the new and trying field is well known to every old citizen of Denver, and, in fact, to nearly everyone who lived in Northern Colorado at that time. With energetic men in rival establishments to contend with, to open new stores and appoint local agents in remote towns, there being not a rod of railroad in the Territory; to keep her own general business going, and at the same time maintain a reputation in a locality where then it was difficult for a woman, without family support, to do so; these all tried her to the utmost, but she rose superior to all the petty and great obstacles, and was soon respected far and wide, as it was conceded she had the right stuff in her, and that of all things, was the one great factor in winning success in those days in Colorado.

HER FIRST HUSBAND.

Among the foremost—if not the foremost—cattle raisers in Wyoming in those days was Mr. I. W. Iliff. His herds were numbered by hundreds of thousands, and his ranges in Wyoming and Colorado were wide spread. By some chance—he being a widower at that time—he met the young sewing machine agent on one of his visits to Denver. Courtship followed, and it was not very long before sewing machines were abandoned for family cares. She became Mrs. Iliff, and Cheyenne became her home for a short time. Now the wife of a millionaire, and removed from the cares and vexations of a business life, and at best a hard struggle for support, Mrs. Iliff displayed in a supreme degree those high womanly qualities which had, under former trials, brought her so successfully through. In 1876, when United States Marshal Shaffenburg, of Denver, was sent to prison for irregularities in office, Mr. and Mrs. Iliff bought his palatial home and removed to Denver. Here, soon afterward, Mr. Iliff died, leaving his entire and vast cattle interests to his widow and his two sons, minors. Instead of laying aside these new cares by disposing of her herds, Mrs. Iliff at once assumed these fresh and great responsibilities, and became one of the leading cattle dealers of the United States. From the moment she assumed charge of this trust fortune has followed every venture she has made, and her income has steadily rolled in at the rate of from $100,000 to $300,000 a year. It quite naturally followed that she should be sought in marriage by adventurers and others, but she has up to the present steadfastly adhered to her determination to remain single rather than become united to some one who sought her money rather than herself. It is to be presumed, therefore, that the good Bishop of Atlanta, who has now made her Mrs. Warren, has convinced her that a consort, not riches, was his sole purpose. Since her widowhood Mrs. Iliff's interest in the Methodist denomination grew very strong, and she had repeatedly expressed a determination to her intimate friends to devote a large portion of her wealth at the end to the church cause.

NEVER FORGOTTEN.

The Singer Sewing Machine people have never forgotten the young lady who made that bold strike out into the far West, and have always taken every opportunity that presented itself to pay her great respect and attention, although their interests were severed when the cattle king came along and claimed her for his bride. Shortly after her husband's death Mrs. Iliff went to Europe, and during her long tour the Singer representatives in every great centre were instructed by the home company to seek her out and do everything in their power to entertain her during her stay there.

These are but skeleton facts in the romantic life of the once poor girl who is now one of the richest women in the Trans-Missouri region, or in the entire West for that matter; who, by her own industry and native worth, stepped up from poverty to the possession of a fortune estimated above $10,000,000.

Their Name is Legion

Legions of people have had their lives made miserable by Piles. This painful difficulty is often induced and always aggravated by Constipation. Kidney-Wort is the great remedy for all affections of this kind. It acts as a gentle cathartic, promotes a healthy action of the bowels, and soothes and heals the inflamed surfaces. It has cured hundreds of cases where all other remedies and applications have failed. Sold by all druggists.

A SMART advertiser in Baltimore offered prizes for guesses as to the number of seeds in a pumpkin. It was cut on New Year's day and found to contain 727 seeds. The nearest guess was 721.

A REMEDY for Rheumatism, which lifts one from a condition of helplessness and makes life worth living, is described by Mr. D. L. Southard, a prominent citizen of Greencastle, Ind. He says: "For six weeks I grew worse under an attack of rheumatism, though I had good medical treatment. Could not move without great pain, and had to be helped. Bishop Bowman brought me a bottle of Athlophoros. Began taking it in the morning. That night I slept free from pain. The next morning I felt like a well man."

FITS: All fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and $2.00 trial bottle free to fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.
Cancer Institute, 931, Arch St., Phila., Pa. Go to it. Oct.20 1m.

Lifted Up

A happy surprise it was to Mr. A. B. Norton, of Bristol, Conn., when ATHLOPHOROS put him on his feet, and sent him cheerfully about his business. Let him tell his own story:

"About three weeks ago I was taken with a severe crick in the back. For four days I was unable to turn in bed without help, and when lifted up could not stand on my feet. I was induced to try ATHLOPHOROS, after all the usual remedies failed. In 20 minutes after taking the first dose I could bear my weight upon my feet. In two days I was able to get about and attend to business. In two other cases which have come to my knowledge its use has been attended with the same results."

A poor man in Philadelphia had to borrow a dollar to buy a bottle of ATHLOPHOROS. On account of his poverty his name shall remain a secret. He had suffered terribly from Rheumatism. He gratefully writes:

"I took my first dose Tuesday afternoon, and on Wednesday, after but seven doses, I had not a sharp or severe ache left. Then I reduced the dose one-half and took the remainder of the bottle. I was able to be steady at work till Saturday, when I took a severe cold and was unable to use my left hand. I purchased another bottle and by bed-time I found relief. The medicine is all you claim for it."

Investigate ATHLOPHOROS all you please! Find all the fault you choose with it! and yet the fact remains, that it is doing what no other medicine ever could do for Rheumatism and Neuralgia.

If you cannot get ATHLOPHOROS of your druggist, we will send it express paid, on receipt of regular price—one dollar per bottle. We prefer that you buy it from your druggist, but if he hasn't it, do not be persuaded to try something else, but order at once from us as directed.

ATHLOPHOROS CO., 112 WALL ST., NEW YORK.

KIDNEY-WORT

DOES WONDERFUL CURES OF KIDNEY DISEASES AND LIVER COMPLAINTS, Why?

Because it acts on the LIVER, BOWELS and KIDNEYS at the same time.

Because it cleanses the system of the poisonous humors that develope in Kidney and Urinary Diseases, Biliousness, Jaundice, Constipation, Piles, or in Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Nervous Disorders and all Female Complaints.
☞ SOLID PROOF OF THIS.

IT WILL SURELY CURE
CONSTIPATION, PILES, and RHEUMATISM,
By causing FREE ACTION of all the organs and functions, thereby
CLEANSING the BLOOD
restoring the normal power to throw off disease.
THOUSANDS OF CASES
of the worst forms of these terrible diseases have been quickly relieved, and in a short time
PERFECTLY CURED.
PRICE, $1. LIQUID OR DRY, SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.
Dry can be sent by mail.
WELLS, RICHARDSON & Co., Burlington, Vt.
Send stamp for Diary Almanac for 1884.

KIDNEY-WORT

The only known specific for Epileptic Fits. Also for Spasms and Falling Sickness. Nervous Weakness it instantly relieves and cures. Cleanses blood and quickens sluggish circulation. Neutralizes germs of disease and saves sickness. Cures

A SKEPTIC SAID

ugly blotches and stubborn blood sores. Eliminates Boils, Carbuncles and Scalds. ☞ Permanently and promptly cures paralysis. Yes, it is a charming and healthful Aperient. Kills Scrofula and Kings Evil, twin brothers. Changes bad breath to good, removing the cause. Routs bilious tendencies and makes clear complexion. Equalled by none in the delirium of fever. A charming resolvent and a matchless laxative. It drives Sick Headache like the wind. ☞ Contains no drastic cathartic or opiates. Relieves

SAMARITAN NERVINE

THE GREAT NERVE CONQUEROR

the brain of morbid fancies. Promptly cures Rheumatism by routing it. Restores life-giving properties to the blood. Is guaranteed to cure all nervous disorders. ☞ Reliable when all opiates fail. Refreshes the mind and invigorates the body. Cures dyspepsia or money refunded.

NEVER FAILS

Diseases of the blood own it a conqueror. Endorsed in writing by over fifty thousand leading citizens, clergymen and physicians in U. S. and Europe.
☞ For sale by all leading druggists. $1.50. (15)
The Dr. S. A. Richmond Med Co. St. Joseph, Mo.

BASKET PLUG
TOBACCO
EXCELS ALL OTHERS IN
PURITY,
RICHNESS
And FLAVOR,
And is the
GREAT AMERICAN CHEW

EASY CHAIR
BAG GRANULATED, AND
WIDE AWAKE
LONG CUT,
Are the two most Popular, Delightful and Satisfactory SMOKING TOBACCOS of the day.
Price, 10 Cents for 4 oz. Packages.
SPENCE BROS. & CO., Cincinnati

JOHN D. NICHOLAS .... E. W. JAMES
NICHOLAS & JAMES,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
Coshocton, O.—Will promptly attend to suits in Law, Collections and all Law Business entrusted to their care.
Office: On Third St., Opposite Public Square

A SURE CURE FOR SKIN DISEASES.

By DR. FRAZIER'S MAGIC OINTMENT. Cures as if by magic: Pimples, Black Heads or Grubs, Blotches, and Eruptions on the Face, leaving the skin clear, healthy and beautiful. Also cures Itch, Salt Rheum, Sore Nipples, Sore Lips, Old, Obstinate Ulcers and Sores etc.
Sold by all druggists and mailed on receipt of price, 50 cents. ... Naughton & Co., Coshocton, O. feb8-1y.

REAL ESTATE AGENCY,
WEST BEDFORD.

Coshocton County, Ohio.

Investments profitably and safely made, first mortgage. All real estate advantageously handled, largely advertised. Arrangement have been made with reliable parties in Indiana, Missouri, Kansas and other States for information and sale of Western land.

SOME FARMS FOR SALE.

No. 21. 170 acres—Level, second bottom, clay loam and walnut soil, all under fence; about 6 acres timber; nearly all in good soil, public road bordering it. South boundary, side track of P. C. & St. L. R. R. at way station; two and one-half miles from town of 1200 inhabitants, excellent market; nursery of 1200 peach trees; comfortable houses and out buildings; easily divided in two lots. No better farm in township; price $60 per acre, if sold soon, on good payments.

No. 22. 140 acres—An excellent hill farm; joins village containing stores, good school and two churches; $1800 house; good barn; well watered; no better sheep farm in township; young orchard; good timber; easy of access. Price, $60 per acre, $2,000 cash, extra good time.

Two 20 acre lots, three 40 acre lots, good locations and good fixtures. Price, from $40 to 65, according to improvements.

TOWN.

No. 10. A town lot, two story frame house and one and one-half acres land. First-class for shoemaker, $700.

No. 19. Store property, one and one-half acres land, story and a half house of 7 rooms, with store room, well, cistern and stable, in village 5 miles from P. C. & St. L. R. R. station. Price, $1500 in thirds. Also, store goods in same, invoice $2500, average monthly sales, $600, stock profitably increased, sell or trade the whole for small tract of l

FOREIGN

100 farms in Daviess county, Indiana. Price $20 to 60. Satisfactory information furnished.
100 acres in Wright county, Iowa, 100 acres broke, 80 acres pasture, fenced; young orchard; three and one-half miles from a town of 1500 inhabitants. Owner, a young man, lived on it for several years, now engaged in business. Price, $25 per acre.
100,000 acres of unimproved land. Price from $1.25 to $10 per acre.
100 farms from 40 to 1,000 acres. Price from $15 to $80 per acre.
I will select in person 40 acre lots of unimproved tillable or prairie land in South-west Missouri at $65 per lot.
Reference given, a liberal patronage solicited. S. M. MOORE.
Aug.18-6m.

FARM FOR SALE.
300 ACRES.

Four miles from Coshocton and one mile from Keene, Ohio, on Millersburg road. 240 acres cleared, 150 acres good bottom land, 60 acres timber. Frame house 42X28 one and a half stories, with one story addition 30X18, in all 13 rooms. Frame barn 70X40, with frame basement for horses, sheep and cattle, and room above for 100 tons of hay. Two frame sheep houses 40X22, 14 foot posts. Grainary and carriage house 28X18 one and a half stories. Corn crib 48X8, 9 foot posts, and all other necessary outbuildings. Also tenant house on premises. Buildings mostly new and in good repair. Plenty of living water, good fences, bearing orchards, &c. For terms call on premises, or address the subscriber,
G. W. NORMAN,
June28-tf. Aurora, Nebraska.

THOROUGHBRED
BERKSHIRES
ARE BRED AND FOR SALE BY
SHEPHERD & DENT,
Newcomerstown, Ohio.

Our aim is to breed from the best, in order to secure the best. We have no competition with common stock. Parties desiring to improve their stock will find it to their interest to deal with us. Prices resonable. Correspondence solicited.
Oct20-3m.

PE-RU-NA

In this age of knowledge and doubt many are anxious to receive and more are over-willing to give relief; for every cough there are many syrups, and for all the pale there are heaps of Iron. Not a pain but what soothers come; to the weak are held tonics strong, and to every invalid is offered health through diuretics, expectorants or tonics, but we frankly tell you, you can get well and laugh them all to scorn by taking

PERUNA.
Peruna cures Chronic Nasal Catarrh.
Peruna has no equal as a cough remedy.
Peruna never fails to effect a cure.
Peruna cures diseases of the Liver and Kidneys.

MENDON, WESTMORLAND Co., PA., January 23, 1883.
Dr. S. B. Hartman & Co., Columbus, Ohio:
Dear Sirs—I have the pleasure of stating to you that your medicine called Peruna has done me more good than all the medicine I ever took. Yours truly,
E. H. GAFFENY.

MANALIN
Is an absolute cure for Constipation, Dyspepsia, and all Pelvic Diseases.
Price $1 per Bottle. Six Bottles, $5. Sold by Druggists everywhere. Directions in English and German. No. 6

ESTABLISHED 1866
EDSON BROS.
Patent Lawyers.
WASHINGTON, D. C.
Specialty:—Patent causes before the Patent Office and the Courts. Reasonable terms. Opinion as to patentability, free of charge. Send for circular.

NERVOUS DEBILITY.
When all other remedies fail, DR. FRAZIER'S ROOT BITTERS will cure General Debility, Loss of Appetite, Dyspepsia, and all diseases arising from a Disordered Stomach, Liver and Kidneys. H. W. McNaughton & Co., Coshocton, O. feb8-1y.

B. F. SELLS'
LIVERY STABLE,
In rear of Central House,
Main Street, Coshocton, O

Having a good stock of sound, young traveling horses, substantial and fashionable carriages, I am prepared to accommodate the public at all times, at reasonable rates, with Buggies, Carriages, and Saddle Horses.

Horse Feed and Stalls Always Ready

Superintending my business in person, and keeping the best of employees, I am prepared to feed and take the best of care of horses entrusted to my charge, at reasonable rates. Give me a call. B. F. SELLS.

J. C. POMERENE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
Coshocton, O.—Office: North public square, Chestnut street, same as heretofore occupied by Spangler & Pomerene.

J. M. COMPTON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
Coshocton, O.—Office: East side Public Square, in Equity Building.

HOWARD W. LUCY, JR.,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
Main Street ... Bank.

THEY HAVE COME AT LAST
AND
Will Make Competitors Howl.
The Biggest Stock of Ready made Clothing and Gents Furnishing Goods Just Received.

Embracing the finest make and latest styles to be had in Eastern markets. No Style, Cut, Color or Pattern you can ask for that we can not show, and will be sold at such low prices that others will not, dare not, meet.

SOLID FACTS.

Men's Suits in every shape and finely made,
Are opened now to the trade.
Those Over Coats so nicely made,
Will fit you I guarantee or no trade.
Those Hats so nice,
Are the Latest Styles and Lowest Price.
Those many Fine Shirts an assorted line you will find to astound mankind.
Those New Goods that are open to-day,
Will fit you so nice, I guarantee, or no pay.

I. WERTHEIMER,
Central Hall Clothing Emporium.

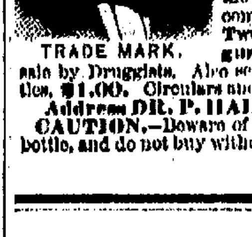
SOMETING NEW
ON SOUTH THIRD STREET,
THE BUCKEYE PLANING MILL CO.

All kinds of Shop work a specialty. Wood Turning and Stair Building done in ... style and at reasonable prices. All kinds of

Lumber, Lath, Shingles, Flooring, Moldings, &c.

☞ Come and see us if you wish to purchase anything in our line.

CATARRH IN THE HEAD


TRADE MARK.

Can positively be cured by using DR. P. HALL'S CATARRH REMEDY. A new compound, entirely different from all other preparations. It is in the form of a fine ointment which is easily applied in the nostrils and ears, and reaches the seat of the disease by absorption. Pleasant to the smell, and most efficient in operation. For Hay Fever, also impaired Hearing, Sight, Smell and Taste, produced by Catarrhal disease, it is a positive cure. The most noted Physicians and prominent Druggists all over the land have given it their endorsement. We have the unsolicited testimonials of hundreds of prominent and reliable men, who have been permanently cured. Do not be humbugged by nostrums, prepared by the inexperienced and unreliable, but insist upon having this Excellent Remedy, compounded by a Physician who has made this disease a study for 30 years. Two to four bottles generally sufficient to effect an entire cure. Satisfaction guaranteed or Money refunded. It is a positive cure for Ear-ache. For sale by Druggists. Also sent by mail, post paid, upon receipt of 50c. single bottle, package of two bottles, $1.00. Circulars and testimonials free.

Address DR. P. HALL, Wholesale and Retail Druggist, 930 State Street, Erie, Pa.
CAUTION.—Beware of counterfeits or imitations. The above Trade Mark will be found on every bottle, and do not buy without it.

Only Half a Crop of Buckwheat this Season. Now Here Comes Something New!

With all the good things in this world, people still crave something new. This time it comes in the shape of a

PAN CAKE FLOUR!

Which we have lately introduced to an intelligent public, and so far all who have tried it

PRONOUNCE IT PERFECT!

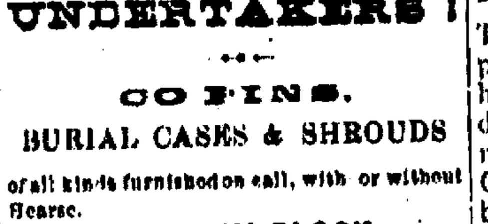
Even the dyspeptic, who has so long been denied the luxury of Buckwheat Cakes for breakfast, or Flannel Cakes or Waffles for supper, says with this new Pan Cake Flour he has his hot cakes without a pang of remorse. Pan Cake Flour, with either Cold Water or Sweet Milk, will make the lightest and nicest

GRIDDLE CAKES, FLANNEL CAKES & WAFFLES

Ever baked, without Eggs, Soda, Salt, or expensive Baking Powder, and many prefer it for a Breakfast Cake to Buckwheat. Of course it is understood Eggs will improve any cake, but this Flour is good if you leave them out. Full directions on each sack. For sale by all grocers. Prepared only by

S. S. MARVIN & CO., Pittsburgh, Pa.
Extensive manufacturers of the best Soda, Oyster, Butter, Water, and Sweet Fancy Biscuit and Crackers.
ALWAYS ASK FOR MARVIN'S.

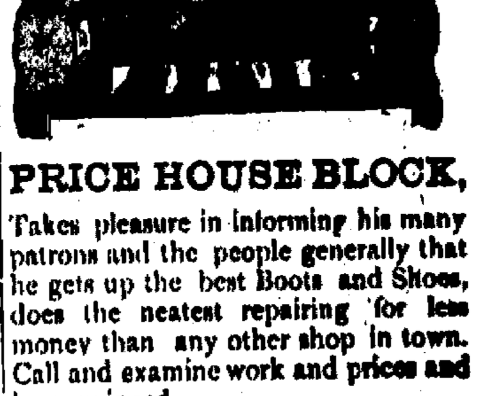
D ROSE & SON,
Manufacturers and Dealers in
FURNITURE
AND GENERAL FURNISHING



UNDERTAKERS!

COFFINS.
BURIAL CASES & SHROUDS
of all kinds furnished on call, with or without Hearse.
RICKETTS' BLOCK,
Main Street, COSHOCTON, OHIO

GEO. T. EAGLE,
The People's Shoemaker.



PRICE HOUSE BLOCK,
Takes pleasure in informing his many patrons and the people generally that he gets up the best Boots and Shoes, does the neatest repairing for less money than any other shop in town. Call and examine work and prices and be convinced.

NOTICE TO
TEACHERS.

The Board of School Examiners of Coshocton county, will meet at the

Old Union School House,

COR. THIRD & SYCAMORE STS.,
COSHOCTON, OHIO,

Second and fourth Saturdays of March, April September, October, November, and December, and on the fourth Saturday the remaining months of the year.

Examinations will commence promptly at

—NINE O'CLOCK, A. M.—

Each applicant will be required to pay to the Board of Examiners, before entering upon examination, a fee of

—FIFTY CENTS.—

Applicants are also required to furnish a stamped envelope with their address written thereon, on which the result of their examination will be forwarded to them by mail.

I CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again, I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY OR FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a Treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and I will cure you.
Address Dr. H. G. ROOT, 183 Pearl St., New York.

HARDWARE,
BUGGIES and
WAGONS,
—AT—
COST.

E. McDonald intends closing out his entire stock of

Hardware, Buggies and Wagons, &c.,

And will sell at Cost any article he has now on hand.

Unless this stock is sold entire to some one wishing to continue the business, his store room and shops, corner of Main and Third streets, will be for rent as soon as ... be closed out, as it is his intention to retire from the business.

Any party wishing to engage in this business will find it to their advantage to call on or address,
E. McDONALD,
Coshocton, Ohio.

NewspaperARCHIVE®

Man.

Man is a marvelous and matchless model of mechanism, a mutable mass of mirth and misanthropy. Merry midst mourning, mourning midst mirth, man mars his mundane mission by mixing in monstrous mummeries mindless of the meek monitions of a mighty Master, madly misprising his mild and moderate mandates mid the manifold manifestations meted out by a merciful Messiah. Muse, then, misguided mortals, upon the magnitude of thy misdeamors. Mind not the maihinations of malevolant ministers but merit the meed of a merciful Messiah. ANON.

Coshocton County Snake Story

We find the following in the New York Times, under the startling heading, "A Wagon Load of Snakes:"

"CLEVELAND, Dec. 30.—A snake story with more foundation than is usual in such cases is telegraphed from Coshocton. Several days ago, near the little town of Warsaw, two men named Haas and Clingler were opening an abandoned coal mine which had been closed for twenty years. The mouth of the mine for some ten feet had caved in, completely stopping up the entrance. After removing this dirt they came upon a large and rather deep pool of water, in which myriads of snakes and lizards were crawling. As soon as the opening was made the snakes in wriggling masses, commenced crawling into the entrance, badly frightening the two men, who killed a large number, but were soon compelled to run away. Later they went back and hauled away a wagon load before they could go on with the work in the mine."

The *truthful* and *enterprising* correspondent who sent the above abroad must have been indulging in anti-Scott law snakes.

For Sale—Cheap!

Two story brick house of eight rooms, on Chestnut street, all in first class order; one of the best neighborhoods in town. Inquire of

5 4t G. S. TREADWAY.

A Card.

We return our sincere thanks to our many friends and patrons, for their liberal patronage in the past, and we trust that the efforts of the new firm may be appreciated by the public; and be the means of increasing our large trade.

Respectfully,
A. J. DOAK & SONS.

County Commissioners.

The Board met in regular monthly session on Monday. Bills and accounts were presented and allowed amounting $3768.31.

The report of the committee appointed by the Court of Common Pleas to examine the annual report of the financial transactions of the County Commissioners for the year ending September 3rd, 1883, was presented to the Commissioners, who ordered the same to be published. It will appear in THE AGE next week.

Probate Court.

Wm. Trego was appointed guardian of Jane B. Trego. Bond $400.

Marriage licenses were issued to Andrew J. Bucklew and Newilda Hughes, Francis Lawrey and Frances Royer, Martin B Smith and Fanny Deeds.

Clerk's Office.

NEW CASES.

Wm. Walker vs John Beaver. Amount claimed $184 with interest from Oct. 25, 1881.

Real Estate Transfers

Robert C. Frederick to Levi Elber lots 146, 147, 148, 149, in Warsaw for $400.

Eliza A. Clark to James Lowery, lots 123 and 125 in Warsaw for $200.

A. J. Miller, Sheriff, to Wellington Richards et al 65 acres in New Castle township for $2,100.

John Ross to John M Ross et al 14 acres in Linton township for $10.

Leander R. Miller to Edwin C. Gleason, lot 57 in Roscoe for $175.

Michael Shenaman to Eliza Caton 1 acre in White Eyes township for $500.

Wm. G. Jackson to John Caton part of lot 3 in White Eyes township for $180.

Philip Gephart to Brazil DeCamp lot 27 in Chili for $900.

Samuel Gorsline to Riley Wiggins lot 4 in West Lafayette for $350.

A. J. Miller Sheriff to Sarah Gaumer 30 acres in Tiverton township for $297.50.

George H. Howe to George B. Howe part of lot 51 in John Burt's addition to Coshocton for $1.

Thos. L. Smith to Wm. A. Smith; lot 4 in Ransom & Swayne's addition to Roscoe for $500.

Wm. A. Smith to Eliza J. Smith lot 4 in Ransom & Swayne's addition to Roscoe for $500.

A. J. Miller Sheriff to John VanHorn 150 acres in Tiverton township for $3,325.

Wm. Hall to Jas. Hall lot 46 in John Burts addition to Coshocton for $700.

Thomas B. Renfrew et al to John G. Schleigh lot 66 in Coshocton for $800.

HOME.—In calling attention to an article advertised in our columns, we are pleased to notice an excellent sign in regard to it, viz that the testimonials relating to Hood's Sarsaparilla are from New England people, and many are from Lowell, the home of this medicine. We are assured that the sale of this article in Lowell, where it is best known is wholly unprecedented in the annals of proprietary medicines. We leave it to you to decide as to the probable merits of an article with such a solid foundation.

Obituary.

Susan B. Barnes was born in Jefferson county, Ohio, August 10, 1831. Died at her home in West Bedford, Ohio, November 25, 1883. In 1850 she was married to Dr. Wm. R. Waddle, of West Bedford. Two of her children, Rose and William died in childhood, and two, Mr. Charles Waddle, of Mt. Vernon, and Miss Ella Waddle, of West Bedford, are left to mourn the loss of a very dear mother.

She was converted when but a child and united with the M. E. Church. For forty years she was faithful to God and the Church of her choice; honored and esteemed by all, not only for her consistent christian life, but for her good works.

Loving and devoted as a wife and mother, she filled well the measure of life, and passed peacefully to her reward. Truly her life and character should prove a benediction to the large circle of relatives and friends who remain. C.

CATARRH.

The remarkable results in a disease so universal and with such a variety of characteristics as Catarrh prove how effectually Hood's Sarsaparilla acting through the blood, reaches every part of the human system. A medicine like anything else, can be judged only by its results. We point with pride to the glorious record Hood's Sarsaparilla has entered upon the hearts of thousands of people it has cured of Catarrh.

Novel Use of Greenbacks.

"What becomes of all the greenbacks and bank-notes after they have served their few years of usefulness?" is a frequent query. A bank-note has its life just the same as all other things useful. What an interesting story the travels of a greenback from the moment it leaves the press until it returns to the macerating machine would make! The average life of a bank-note is about three years, perhaps a little longer. After serving its purpose as currency it is metamorphosed into rabbits, birds and other figures. The process of the destruction of the notes is an interesting one.

The readers will often see in the daily papers a paragraph something like this: "National bank notes received for redemption to-day, $500,000." The next day these notes are carried to the Bureau of Engraving and Printing and placed in a machine containing immense knives, which chop the notes into fragments. The operation is conducted under the supervision of three officers of the Treasury Department, specially detailed for this business. No one is allowed to be present at this daily maceration of the notes except the officials and the men who run the machine. They are compelled to remain in the room until each separate note is destroyed. They must account in detail afterwards to the Redemption Bureau for each note; and should one become lost or mislaid, and afterwards find its way into circulation, the result would be the immediate discharge of the three gentlemen who daily have in their custody from $500,000 to $2,000,000 or $3,000,000 of notes and bonds. The shreds are reduced to pulp, and then by a patented process this mass is molded into figures of birds and animals and sold as mementoes to visitors. Often it will happen that one little object will be composed of what once was $100,000,000 worth of money.—*Hartford Globe.*

Looks Like "Sunset" Cox.

Mr. Boynton, the agent of the Western Associated Press, looks wonderfully like "Sunset" Cox, writes a Washington correspondent. He is a great joker, and none the less effective because a trifle deaf. The other night he was sitting in the Riggs House when a new correspondent for a Western paper spied him out and went briskly up to him. "Good evening, Mr. Cox," he began. Boynton didn't quite understand him, but answered him cheerily enough. "Do you mind giving me a few minutes of your time?" the reporter asked. "Eh?" queried Boynton. The question was repeated. "No, I'll talk," he answered, without exactly understanding what was wanted. "What are you going to advocate in Congress next winter?" was the first question, and when the supposed candidate had fully got the idea, he began to see the mistake, and prepared himself. Boynton has some original ideas on the tariff, the Mormon question, government telegraph and monopolies. He expressed them in English easily understood, but rather fiery. The reporter was delighted. He evidently had the interview of the week, and one that would surprise people. After half an hour's lecture, Boynton blandly excused himself and went to his office. The reporter telegraphed his notes West. They came back in good time, and Mr. Cox was not long in seeking out that correspondent, who sent a very humble dispatch that night exonerating the New York Congressman. Now he wants to find out who it was whom he so successfully interviewed. Every one knows it except him.

Individual Characteristics.

The Table Talk man of the New York *Mercury*, who, by the way, is very much of a sage, thus delivers his opinion of people:

People with long necks, and consequently long forms, are never voluble. They listen and think. Tall and massive people are equally inclined to silence and thought. The natures of both are somewhat sluggish, but aroused, their passions have the sweep of a hurricane. Small fat people or small thin people are generally very talkative. Most of the talk is superficial. Altitudinous persons look to generals; people near the ground love details. Always select a tall man or a tall, massive man to act for you in court or in a political convention. Small men have but little weight in either. It is a human nature fact, and don't forget it. Webster won his audience at once by his herculean proportions and deep, cavernous eyes; Calhoun's tall, spare person, leonine hair and brilliant eyes riveted attention; Clay unrolled himself until he towered aloft and commanded as a statuesque figure. The men impressed without speaking a word. But a canary man, a little chap, however good-looking and glib, has no weight with a miscellaneous audience.

"Look at America, my boys," said a Kerry pot-house orator; "that's the place, my boys, for wealth. Look at her teeming millions"— "Yes, look at 'em," shouted a listener, "my brither is there; he's one of the teaming millions; and he's doing his job of work for $2 a day, and owns his cart, too, begorrah!"—*Boston Courier.*

Sayings by Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Memory is a net. One finds it full of fish when he takes it from the brook, but a dozen miles of water have run through it without sticking.

God bless all good women. To their soft hands and pitying hearts we must all come at last.

Put not your trust in money, but put your money in trust.

When a strong brain is weighed with a true heart it seems to be like balancing a bubble against a wedge of gold.

Controversy equalizes fools and wise men in the same way—and the fools know it.

If the sense of the ridiculous is one side of an irrepressible nature, it is very well; but if that is all there is in a man he had better have been an ape at once.

Travelers change their guineas, not their characters.

There are three little wicks to the lamp of a man's life, brain, blood and breath. Press the brain a little, its light goes out, followed by both the others. Stop the heart a minute and out go all three of the wicks. Choke the air out of the lungs and presently the fluid ceases to supply the other centers of flame, and all is soon stagnation, cold and darkness.

There are a good many real miseries in life that we cannot help smiling at, but they are the smiles that make wrinkles and not dimples.

We must have a weak spot or two in a character before we can love it much. People who do not laugh or cry or take more of anything than is good for them, or use anything but dictionary words, are admirable subjects for biographers. But we don't care most for those fine pattern flowers that press best in the herbarium.

Faith always implies disbelief of a lesser fact in favor of a greater.

I would have a woman as true as death. At the first real lie, which works from the heart outward, she should be tenderly chloroformed into a better world, where she can have an angel for a governess and feed on strange fruits which shall make her all over again, even to her bones and her marrow.

Nothing Doing on Top.

Here is an instance of good repartee. They were two solid citizens. One was bald, but rejoiced in a fine luxuriant beard. The other had a heavy growth of hair on the head, but was very bald as to his chin. The bald-chinned citizen was a very talkative individual, whose conversation was rapid and incessant. Meeting the bald-headed citizen one day in a company of gentlemen, he opened fire on him touching the bareness of his sconce. "What do you suppose," said he, in his rattling, vivacious way, "what do you suppose, neighbor, is the reason that you have no hair on your head, and so much on your chin?" "Well," said the other, very deliberately, "scientists say that men who work with their brains create such a heat in the scalp that the hair is worn off." "That sounds like a likely theory," chimed in the loquacious citizen. "Yes, it does," returned the other, "and I think your case is a striking illustration of its probability. Now you have plenty of hair on your head, but none on your chin, which just backs up the scientific theory, because all your work is done with your jaws—there's nothing doing on top!"—*Boston Traveller.*

The Light of the Future.

It will not be electrical illumination, say the scientists. That involves too much cost. Electricity is developed by violence; that is, by waste and disturbance of atoms of matter, which is necessarily expensive. For sensational uses, for spectacles, for the lighting of city squares, streets and parks, where expense is a minor consideration, the electrical light will, of course, be employed; but the great mass of the community will never be able to use this costly illuminator to banish the darkness from their humble dwellings. Nature has been searched to find how light can be generated under the cheapest conditions, and the glow-worm has been hit upon as furnishing a hint for the cheap but effective domestic light of the future. The various insects which emit flashes of light, in the dark, do so with an exceedingly small expenditure of mechanical force. It has been suggested that curtains, wall paper, and the coverings of furniture could be so prepared, that, by a slight disturbance of the air, they would emit a steady but mellow light at a cost far less than a candle or kerosene lamp. Scientific men are now at work on this problem, and if it should be successfully solved, it would be a very great benefit to the poor of all nations.—*Demorest's.*

A real knight of the jack-knife is George Hancock, of Suffield, Conn. He has recently finished a design, made with a common jack-knife, two and a half inches in diameter, representing three stars, and containing sixty-three pieces. The points are inlaid. He has in construction a box, which has already 4,052 distinct pieces, and is only about half completed, and has many other specimens of his handiwork with which he whiles away a spare hour or so.

Corn Gathering Song.

In general the negroes have greatly changed since the war, for many of them have gone to the cities and towns, or have become small farmers; but on some of the plantations of the south, where no social innovations have been introduced, they are much the same, in dress and peculiar characteristics, as they were years ago when the tap of the overseer's bell was an order imperative. These people preserve their quaint traditions, moral dialogues between animals, in which the rabbit is always the Socrates. They have a song for each kind of work, whose author is unknown, but with whose words and tune all are familiar. The following is the corn gathering song. It is impossible to give an idea of the effect with which it is rendered, and the semi-weird tune, I am convinced, could not be written by the most accomplished composer:

Come or hitch up de wagin an' dribe in de fiel',
Time fur ter gedder de co'n;
We'se boun' fer ter hab sum ash-cake meal,
Time fur ter gedder de co'n;
De yaller man grabs wid a mighty light han',
Time fur ter gedder de co'n;
But de ole Guinea nigger am de bes' in de lan',
Time fur ter gedder de co'n.

An or take off de rough shuck, pile up de co'n,
Jurangy ho, jis' er talkin' like er donn' keer;
We'se or gwinetor hab sum fun heah as sho' yer am bo'n,
Jurangy ho, so early in de day.

De mules bites de co'n as we dribe or long de rows,
Time fur ter gedder de co'n;
How much da kon eat nobody nobber knowe,
Time fur ter gedder de co'n;
De young houn pup snuffs de ar as we pass,
Time fer ter gedder de co'n;
An' he barks at de rabbit what hides in de grass,
Time fer ter gedder de co'n.

An' er dribe ter de co'n crib an' open up de do',
Jurangy ho, jis' er talkin' like er donn' keer;
We'se got ter git dun 'fore de col' win's blow,
Jurangy ho, so early in de day.
—*Opie P. Read, in N. Y. Mercury.*

Did you read how Josiah Pitkin of Chelsea Vt., was cured of a terrible sore leg, by Hood's Sarsaparilla, the blood purifier?

An Egyptian Custom.

It is stated that the ancient Egyptians when they feasted always had a skeleton at the table with them. This was to remind them that even in the midst of mirth and revelry death was apt to come. Let him come when he will and he is unwelcome. The Egyptians sought to teach that all should prepare for the grim monster and be ready to follow him, let him call when he would. The lesson can well be remembered to-day. All should live prepared to die at any time and all should learn now while in full enjoyment of wealth and its pleasures PERUNA is the greatest remedy in the world for the diseases to which the flesh is heir. It can be procured at any drug store. Ask your druggist for PERUNA the great tonic.

Burdock BLOOD BITTERS

Cures Scrofula, Erysipelas, Pimples and Face Grubs, Blotches, Boils, Tumors, Tetter, Humors, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Sores, Mercurial Diseases, Female Weakness and Irregularities, Dizziness, Loss of Appetite, Jaundice, Affections of the Liver, Indigestion, Biliousness, Dyspepsia and General Debility.

A course of Burdock Blood Bitters will satisfy the most skeptical that it is the Greatest Blood Purifier on earth. Sold by medicine dealers everywhere. Directions in eleven languages. PRICE, $1.00.

FOSTER, MILBURN & CO., Prop's, Buffalo, N.Y.

HAVE YOUR LUMBER SAWED NOW.

I have just purchased a new eighteen horse power saw-mill from the well-known John H. McNamara, of Newark, Ohio, and within ten days or two weeks will be prepared to saw all kinds of lumber. Mill located first on farm of Mr. Wm. Orr, For information call at mill or address

22-4t JOHN KUHN, Warsaw.

J. J. BROWER, M. D.,

Treats all kinds of Chronic Diseases. Also makes a speciality of the Diseases of Women and Children. Office and residence,

Corner Walnut St. and Burt Ave., Coshocton

Office Hours—From 7 to 9 A. M., 12 to 2 P. M. and 5 to 7 P. M.

BACKLOG SKETCHES, our large 16 page paper, filled with charming serials, stories, choice miscellany, etc., is sent 8 mos. ON TRIAL for 25 cents; and we send EVERY subscriber FREE our new **Holiday Package**, consisting of 40 pieces popular music, 10 interesting games, 1 pack of age and fortune telling cards, 1 pack "Hold to Light" cards, 1 pack fun and flirtation cards, 1 set chromo cards, 18 new tricks in magic, 6 new puzzles, game of fortune, the mystic oracle, 25 ways to get rich. Heller's wonderful delusion cards, etc., etc. **Endless Amusement!** AGENTS WANTED. Sample paper for stamp.

BACKLOG PUBLISHING CO.,
Dec8-6t. Augusta, Maine.

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer. Give express and P. O. address. DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 181 Pearl St., New York.

FERRY'S SEED ANNUAL FOR 1884

Will be mailed **FREE** to all applicants and to customers of last year without ordering it. It contains illustrations, prices, descriptions and directions for planting all Vegetable and Flower Seeds, Plants, etc. **Invaluable to all.**

D. M. FERRY & CO. DETROIT, Mich.

FARMS on James River, Va., in a Northern settlement, Illustrated circular free. J. F. MANCHA, Claremont, Virginia.

BOOKS—MILLIONS of **Volumes a year.** The choicest literature of the world. **Catalogue free.** Lowest prices ever known. **Not sold by dealers.** Sent for examination **before payment** on evidence of good faith.

JOHN B. ALDEN, Publisher.
P. O. Box 1227. 18 Vesey St., N. Y.

Dissolution.

The partnership heretofore existing under the firm name of Talmadge & Davis has been dissolved by mutual consent. John A. Davis withdrawing, Henry Talmadge succeeds to the business of the late firm and assumes all liabilities thereof, and collects all outstanding accounts.

All persons knowing themselves indebted to the late firm will please call and settle by cash or note by the first of February, 1884. Interest will be charged on all unsettled accounts after said date.

HENRY TALMADGE,
JOHN A. DAVIS.

Coshocton, O., January 7, 1884.

In retiring from the late firm I desire to return thanks to my friends for their kind and liberal patronage, and hope they will continue to favor the new as liberally as they did the old firm in the past. JOHN A. DAVIS.

Dr. E. H. Makemson's Favorite Ointment

Will be found at J. F. Compton's Drug Store, Coshocton, O. Call and get a box. A special remedy for the cure of Itching Piles when everything else fails. No better remedy can be used for Tetter, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Ringworm, Ulcers, Fever Sores and all eruptions of the Skin. This remedy is made from Dr. E. H. Makemson's most favorite prescription.

Dr. E. H. Makemson's Favorite Ointment sold by Dr Lawson, Warsaw, O.

Sure cure for Itching Piles from Dr. Makemson's Favorite Prescription, found at T. F. Neldon's, East Union, O.

Dr. Wm. Litten has for sale Dr. E. H. Makemson's sure cure for Fever Sores, Salt Rheum, Chapped Hands, and all eruptions of the skin.

Price per Box, 35 cents.

Jan12-6t eow.

NOTICE.

On the 10th day of January, in the year 1884, the Probate Court of Coshocton county declared the estate of Samuel D. Welling, deceased, to be probably insolvent; creditors are therefore required to present their claims against the estate to the undersigned, for allowance, within six months from the time above mentioned, or they will not be entitled to payment.

Dated Jan. 10, 1884.

GEORGE W. COOPER, Administrator.

Jan12-3w.

Dr. F. E. STOAKS,

HOMŒOPATHIC PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

Coshocton, Ohio.

OFFICE—Located in Forbes Block, 2d floor. Office hours, 7 to 9 A. M., 1 to 3 and 7 to 9 P. M.

Residence on N. Fifth street, near Arlington House. Nov10-1y.

MARKETS.

Coshocton Prices Current.

Corrected weekly by R. H. Hohler, Grocer, & H. Corner.

Apples, green, per bushel	100
Apples, dried, per pound	5 to 6
Butter, per pound	20
Bacon, sides, per pound	10
Beans, per bushel	2 40 to 2 60
Beeswax, per pound	18
Chickens, per pair, spring	50
Corn Meal, per sack	25 to 30
Dried peaches, pared, per lb	10
Eggs per dozen	25
Flour per sack	1 35
Flour by Patent Process	1 50
Hams per pound Country	12
Honey per pound	15
Lard per pound	10
Onions, per bushel	40
Onion Sets, per bush	2 50
Potatoes per bushel new	60
Peaches, Dried, per pound	8 to 10
Shoulders per pound	8 to 10
Salt per barrel	1 40
Tallow per pound	6 to 7

Subject to changes during the week.

Coshocton Grain Market.

WHEAT—Per bushel, white, old	$1 00
WHEAT—Per Bushel, red, old	1 00
WHEAT—Per Bushel, new	1 00
CORN—	55
OATS—	35
RYE—	65
FLOUR—Per Barrel, XXX	$5 40
Per Sack, XX	1 35
MEAL—Per Bushel	90
BRAN—Per hundred	90
SHORTS—	1 00
CORN and OATS CHOP—	1 50
PATENT FLOUR—per sack	1 75

Pittsburg Market.

Corrected especially for the Coshocton AGE by R. Beatty, Son & Co., 183 Liberty Street, Pittsburgh, Pa. Wholesale Produce Commission House, established 1850, receive and sell all kinds Country Produce, Domestic and Foreign Fruits and Vegetables. Shippers and country dealers having seasonable produce etc., for sale, are invited to consign or correspond.

Country Produce.

APPLES—New, Choice, per bbl, 3 00a3 25 good, 2 75a3 00; medium, 2 00a2 75.
APPLE BUTTER—per gal, 50a55c; Apple Jelly, 8a 7c per lb.
BUTTER—Dairy, 21a23c; "Gilt Edge," 23a25c; Creamery, 30a38c; Choice Roll, 22a20c; Extra Choice Roll, 23a21c; Medium, 12a16c.
DRIED FRUITS—Apples, sliced, 10a11c; do quarters, 6 1-2a7c, Peaches, halves, 8a7c; do quarters, 15a18c; pitted Cherries, 20a22c; Raspberries, 28a30c; Blackberries, 9a10c per lb for all.
FEATHERS—Live Geese, per lb, 70a85c Mixed, 55a50c.
EGGS—Strictly Fresh, 29 a30; pickled 24a25.
HONEY.—York State 21 to 20; White Clover 20 to 22; Buckwheat 18a19.
ONIONS—Onions 100 a125 per bbl.
POULTRY—Live chickens 40 a50 c per pair for large; small chickens per pair 35 a40, live turkeys per lb. 10a11c dressed chickens per lb. 10 a11c; dressed turkeys 16a18c dressed duck 12a 15c.
POTATOES—Early rose, per bush. 50a45 cts; Burbank 50 a 45c; other varieties 45c.
RAGS—Cotton, White per lb, 2½c; Cotton, Mixed, 2a2½c; Woolen, 1-4a½c.
SEEDS—Timothy per bushel, 1 50a1 60 Clover, 5 75 a6 00, for small; 6 25a6 50 for large.
TALLOW—Country 7a7½c; Beeswax 23a25c per lb.

Grain, Flour, Feed, Etc.

WHEAT—Prime Red Winter, 1 10a112; Medium, 1 08a110.
CORN—High mixed Shelled, 60a61; Yellow Shelled, 60a58; Ear Corn, 60a62.
OATS—40a41c for white, 35a37c for mixed.
RYE—Choice, 60a62.
BARLEY—80a90 for Prime North-western Spring; 75a80 for Medium.
FLOUR—Fancy Patents, spring and winter, 7 50a7 25; Fancy St. Louis, winter, 7 50a7 25 Fancy Family White Amber and Winter, 6 00 a6 25; Choice Family, choice red winter, 6 00a 5 75; XX Family, medium winter, 5 50a5 75 XXX Bakers, Minnesota, 5 25a6 00; XX Bakers Wisconsin, 5 00a5 25; Cornmeal, 75a80c in paper. Oatmeal—medium brand—7 25a8 00 per bbl; Fancy, 7 75 8 00. Rye Flour, 4 50a4 25; buckwheat flour 3a3.
MILL FEED—White Middlings, 20 00a 23 00; Coarse, do, 15 00a 18 00; Seconds, 1300a13 50;
HAY—Prime Timothy, baled, a 11 00a12 00 per ton Prime New Loose, 11 00a14 00 Prairie 8 00a8 50

Live Stock Market.

East Liberty Jan, 10 1884,

The snow blockades have demoralized the Live Stock markets, there being no receipts in any quantity. Quotations are as follows:

Cattle—Shipping, 5 90a6 50; butchers', 4 75 a5 50; common, 3 50a4 50. Receipts, 1,405 head shipments 855 head.

Hogs—Best Philadelphias, 6 00 6 00; fair to good, do, 6 80a6 40, best Yorkers, 6a6 10; fair to good, do. 5 80a6 00; pigs and light Yorkers, 5 25a5 70; Receipts, 1,495 head; shipments, 4 025 head.

Sheep—Best on the market, 100 pounds, 5 00; fair to good, 4 25a4 75; common, 2 50a3 50; lambs, 4 25 a5 75. Receipts, 1,000 head; shipments, 2,200 head.

Chicago Grain Market

WHEAT—90 1-2
CORN—59 5-8
OATS—37 3-4

New York Grain Market.

WHEAT—No 2 red $1.10 3 4.
CORN—No 2 67 3-4
OATS—45.

E. T. SPANGLER, ATTORNEY AT LAW

Coshocton, O.—Office: North of public square, Chestnut Street, same as heretofore occupied by Spangler & Pomerene.

NOTED WOMEN OF EUROPE AND AMERICA.

A new and elegant book by that most entertaining American writer,

JAMES PARTON.

A POPULAR BOOK AT A POPULAR PRICE.

Agents are making money with it. If you want any territory, apply at once to

P. W. GARFIELD, Gen'l. Ag't, Cleveland, O.

PILES, FISSURE, FISTULA & ULCERS

Of all kinds permanently cured at the PARK HOTEL,

Friday, Jan. 11, Feb. 8, March 8, April 5, May 4, June 1-29.

THOS. J. KISNER, M. D.

GUARANTEES A CURE IN EVERY CASE OF

PILES. Bleeding Piles, Blind Piles, Protruding Piles, Painful Piles, Itching Piles, or Fissure.

BY HIS NEW AND PAINLESS METHOD

NO CURE, NO PAY.

Office—Canton, Ohio. Jan5-tf.

Notice of Assignment.

The undersigned has been duly appointed and qualified as assignee in trust for the benefit of the creditors of James L Smith and William A. Smith partners in trade, under the firm name of James L Smith & Son. All persons indebted to said assignor will make immediate payment, and creditors will present their claims duly authenticated to the undersigned for allowance.

January 1st, 1884.

JAMES LE RETILLEY, Assignee.

Jan5-3w.

THE ONLY WAY

to THOROUGHLY RESTORE LOSS OF VIRILE POWER and to SAFELY and PERMANENTLY cure all cases of SEXUAL DISEASE, even those seeming incurable; further, particular information on Manhood, Wedlock, Impediments to it and their cure is fully demonstrated in the standard illustrated work "Anchor of Hope", 136 pages, 25th ed., based on a German physician's experience of 30 years; Forwarded, carefully wrapped and post-paid, to any address for 25 cts. in post-stamps.—Addr GLOCK & SON, Booksellers, 225 S. High Str., Columbus, O.

I CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a Treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and I will cure you. Address DR. H. G. ROOT, 183 Pearl St., New York.

We Say we Do, But DO We?

Look at this and see. No sham, no blow, but an actual fact, for the

NEXT 30 DAYS

We will make the following sweeping reductions:

Men's all wool Beaver Overcoats, former price $13.50, now 10.00, Brown, Blue and Black. Men's heavy wool Chinchilla Overcoats, Brown, Blue and Black, former price $9.00, reduced to 6.50.

Men's fine light colored Ulsterettes, former price $10.00, now 7.00.

Men's fine Corkscrew Overcoats, green steel mixed and black, former price, $16.50, reduced to 11.50.

Men's fine diagonal, serge lined Overcoats, former price $16.00, reduced to 12.50. Men's handsome, satin lined, melton Overcoats, green, black and blue, former price $25.00, now 18.00

Youth Overcoats.	formerly		$12.00,	now	9.50
"	"	"	10.00,	"	7.75
"	"	"	8.00,	"	6.25
Boys	"	"	9.00,	"	7.25
"	"	"	6.00,	"	4.50
"	"	"	4.50,	"	3.00
Childs	"	"	5.50,	"	4.00
"	"	"	4.25,	"	3.00
"	"	"	3.50,	"	2.25
"	"	"	2.75,	"	1.50

And so on through our entire stock, we have made similar wonderful reductions. Come in and see who are truly liberal hearted, it will pay to buy an Overcoat and hang it up for next year's use.

DAVE & IKE,

PALACE CLOTHIERS, FORBES BLOCK,

MAIN STREET, COSHOCTON, OHIO.

A Scene in Court.

The following is reported to have occurred not a thousand miles from Canyon City:

"Prisoner, stand up and receive your sentence.' The sound of tramping feet was immediately hushed. Men stood still in awe. The prisoner had violated the laws of the sovereign State of Oregon; had been tried by a jury of his peers and found guilty; he is now about to receive the sentence whose fulfillment will vindicate the majesty of the law. So young and so fair!

"Prisoner," and the silence became even more profound, "prisoner, you have been convicted of a most atrocious crime. You have stolen a pair of boots! It is now incumbent upon me to pronounce sentence upon you in proportion to the enormity of your offense. Had you deliberately taken the life of your fellow man, a jury of your peers would doubtless have found you innocent of all crime; but you have stolen a pair of boots, and the majesty of the law must be upheld. I therefore sentence you to hard labor in the penitentiary of this state for a period of two years."—*Grant County News.*

A Palo, Iowa, editor retires from the business with the remark that "no true Christian can edit a newspaper."

A St. Louis man tripped on a rug at the door of his bedroom, slid down a long flight of stairs, crashed through a glass door, down the stone door-steps, rolled across the yard out through the open gate, crossed the sidewalk on the dead side, and brought up like an avalanche against a tree-box. "By heaven," he said as he limped back to the house, "that tree-box might have been the death of me. If I can find the child who left the gate open I'll wear out a skate-strap on him."

One of Ella Wheeler's "Poems of Passion" begins: "She touches my cheek and I quiver—I tremble with exquisite pain; she sighs—like an overcharged river, my blood rushes on through my veins; she smiles—and in a mad tiger fashion, as a tiger fondles her own, I clasp her with a fierceness and passion, and kiss her with shudder and groan." It takes about seventeen drinks to put a Chicago man in a condition to discharge his feelings in that style.

"Mamma," said Beatrice, running into her mother's room in her girlish, over-30-year-old way, "there's a man down stairs who wants to see you." "What's his bloomin' name?" asked the Queen. "He didn't say." "Are his pantaloons fringed at the bottom?" "Yes, mamma," replied Beatrice, "and he has a roll of manuscript under his arm." "Hanother John Brown poem, or my name hisn't Victoria Wettin. Tell 'im I am not at 'ome, and if he won't take no for an answer 'ave your brother Hulbert feed him to the British lion."

Attention Doctors.

Everybody knows that the life of the average physician is a hard one. He is often compelled to ride great distances through mud and rain for a merely nominal fee. It is not fit nor proper for us to condemn any physician for his work but we do assert that his practice can be made easier, and he can effect more cures by the proper and judicious use PERUNA if he will only add this great remedy to his list of medicines his usefulness will be greatly increased. Full directions for it use will be found in the "Ills of Life," and he should procure this valuable book. Read the following:

CHILLICOTHE, O.

DR. HARTMAN—Peruna sells very well here I have ordered several lots since you were here. It is a fine remedy.

W. W. STEEL, Druggist.

In The Pilot House.

"Yes, sir; this kind of work obliges a man to keep sober as a judge. Of all men in the world, steamboat pilots and railroad engineers should let liquor alone. For on their clearness of sight and coolness of head depends the safety of life and property."

Keeping his hand on the wheel as he said this, Mr. A'Brockman of No 291-2 Silver street, Chicago added: "Of course, some of 'em drink; but the sober ones have the best positions and the best pay. Yes the work and exposure sometimes tells on us but for my part, I find PARKER'S TONIC to be all the invigorant I need. I've got a bottle aboard here now; never go on a trip without it. When I haven't any appetite, or am in any way out of sorts, it sets me up in no time. If drinking men would use the tonic it would help 'em to break off. No that isn't a light-house it's a star down near the water. As I was saying, the Tonic is new life bottled up. You see that flag staff Well, with a bottle of PARKER'S TONIC in the locker I can keep malaria as far from me as that all the time. My wife has used it for three years for summer complaints and colic and as an invigorant, when she's tired out from overwork. She says the Tonic is a daisy Good-bye! Don't break your neck going below."

This preparation which has been known as PARKER'S GINGER TONIC, will hereafter be advertised and sold simply as PARKER'S TONIC. As unprincipled dealers are constantly deceiving their customers by substituting inferior articles under the name of ginger, and as ginger is really an unimportant ingredient we drop the misleading word.

There is no change, however in the preparation, itself and all bottles remaining in the hands of dealers wrapped under the name of PARKER'S GINGER TONIC, contain the genuine medicine if the fac-simile signature of Hiscox & Co. is at the bottom of outside wrapper.

T. C. BREWER, M. D.

Physician and Surgeon.

Office in room occupied for a number of years in Roscoe, by Dr. M. Johnson. Calls promptly answered. Nov30-6m.

Rupture

Relieved and cured without surgical operation, truss torture or detention from labor by Dr J. A. Sherman's system. Patients from abroad can receive treatment and leave for home same day. Rupture and trusses cause lumbago kidney and bladder affections, affect the nervous system, impair manhood and bring on impotency and other deplorable ailments. All these troubles removed and primitive soundness restored by Dr. Sherman's treatment. Book, with continuous indorsements for the past thirty-five years from physicians, merchants, clergymen, farmers and others who have been cured, mailed for 10 cents. One Smythe, of the Vienna Institute, St. Louis, Mo., has altered the likenesses of cured patients in Dr. Sherman's illustrated pamphlets, hired men to personate them, and publishes them as patients he has cured. This bold fraud to dupe the afflicted, is fully exposed in an illustrated circular which is sent to anyone who writes for it. Since the reduction of terms patients are daily coming from all parts of the country for treatment. Days of consultation at New York office, 251 Broadway, Monday, Tuesday and Saturday each week.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

Castoria promotes Digestion and overcomes Flatulency, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, and Feverishness. It insures health and natural sleep, without morphine.

"Castoria is so well adapted to Children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 82 Portland Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

What gives our Children rosy cheeks, What cures their fevers, makes them sleep; 'Tis Castoria.
When babies fret and cry by turns, What cures their colic, kills their worms, But Castoria.
What quickly cures Constipation, Sour Stomach, Colds, Indigestion, But Castoria.
Farewell then to Morphine Syrups, Castor Oil and Paregoric, and Hail Castoria!

CENTAUR LINIMENT—an absolute cure for Rheumatism, Sprains, Burns, Galls, &c. The most Powerful and Penetrating Pain-relieving and Healing Remedy known to man.

THIS PAPER

Contains more Reading Matter than any other County Paper in the State.

Its aim is to supply that which will Please all Classes, and be pre-eminently the Home Paper.

Invite your neighbors attention to it, and ask him to Subscribe. By swelling the List of Readers, still greater Improvements will be made.

$1.50 per year; 75 cents for six months, cash in Advance.

Sample copy free. Address,

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FITS STOPPED FREE

Marvelous success. Insane Persons Restored. DR. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER *for all* BRAIN & NERVE DISEASES. *Only sure cure for Nerve Affections, Fits, Epilepsy, etc.* INFALLIBLE if taken as directed. *No Fits after first day's use.* Treatise and $2 trial bottle free to Fit patients, they paying express charges on box when received. Send names, P. O. and express address of afflicted to DR. KLINE, 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa. See Druggists. *BEWARE OF IMITATING FRAUDS.*

PATENTS

F. A. Lehmann, Solicitor of American and Foreign Patents, Washington, D. C. All business connected with Patents, whether before the Patent office or the Courts, promptly attended to. No charge made unless a patent is secured. Send for circular. Nov16-6m.

PILES! PILES!! PILES!!!

A sure cure for Blind, Bleeding, Itching and Ulcerated Piles, has been discovered by Dr. William, (an Indian remedy,) called DR. WILLIAM'S INDIAN OINTMENT. A single box has cured the worst chronic cases of twenty-five years' standing. No one need suffer five minutes after applying this wonderful soothing medicine. Lotions and instruments do more harm than good. William's Ointment absorbs the tumors, allays the intense itching, (particularly at night after getting warm in bed,) acts as a poultice, gives instant and painless relief, and is prepared only for Piles, itching of the private parts, and for nothing else.

For sale by all druggists and mailed on receipt of price, $1.00. Sold by M. W. McNaughton & Co. Coshocton, O.

Advice to Mothers.

Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth? If so, send at once and get a bottle of MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP FOR CHILDREN TEETHING. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it mothers there is no mistake about it. It cures dysentery and diarrhœa, regulates the stomach and bowels, cures wind colic, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. MRS. WINSLOW'S SYRUP FOR CHILDREN TEETHING is pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price 25 cents a bottle. July 14, 1yr.

TIME TABLE.

(PITTSBURGH, CINCINNATI & ST. LOUIS R'Y.)

PAN-HANDLE ROUTE.

—o—

Trains arrive at P. C. and St. L. Ry. Depot, at Coshocton, as follows:

GOING WEST.

	Arrive.
Express	*10:48 p. m.
Mail Express	*5:06 p. m.
Express	*11:55 a. m.
Fast Line	f8:16 a. m.
Accommodation	†6:14 a. m.

GOING EAST.

	Arrive.
Express	*1:48 a. m.
Express	*3:10 a. m.
Express	*10:10 a. m.
Fast Line	*2:12 p. m.
Accommodation	†6:50 p. m.

*Every day. †Except Sunday.
f Flag Stations at which trains stop on signal for passengers only.

Local Freight going West leaves at 9:15 a. m., and carries passengers between Coshocton and Columbus. Going East leaves at 1:10 p. m., and carries passengers between Coshocton and Dennison.

Through coaches from Coshocton to Pittsburgh, Columbus, Cincinnati, Indianapolis and St. Louis.

Pullman Palace sleeping cars from Coshocton to Harrisburg, Philadelphia, New York Columbus, Dayton, Cincinnati, Louisville, Indianapolis and St. Louis.

For time tables, rates of fare through tickets and further information regarding the running of trains, apply to W. H. Parrish, Ticket Agent, Coshocton, O.

Trains run by Central Standard time, which is 28 minutes slower than Coshocton time.

JAS. McCREA, Manager. E. A. FORD, Gen. Pass'r & Tic't Ag't.

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